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ADULT PORNGRAPHIC

Adam

VOL. 12 NO. 5

MARIE ANTOINETTE'S
BIZARRE BEDTIME FROLICS

ADAM'S GUIDE
TO SEDUCTION

A SEX THING
FROM OUTER SPACE



A black and white photograph of a nude woman with dark hair, sitting on a couch with a floral pattern. She is resting her chin on her hand, looking down and to the side with a contemplative expression. She is wearing a necklace.

Cara Peters confesses her desire
to cut it up... See page 4

SECTION

LEST WE DIE	William G. Tedford	8
There was always a thing humans could do to keep life going		
THE FIRST ONE	Charles E. Lensen	26
The frontline replacement wanted to know "Is it hard to kill a recruit?"		
A COMPANY MAN	Jack Lynch	54
He had a woman at each end of the phone—a very busy life!		
A MATTER OF A SOLDIER'S ETIQUETTE	Gary Peulsen	58
To screw up in combat meant death—it was as simple as that		

ARTICLES

QUEEN OF LUST Did Marie Antoinette really lose her head—over men?	Peter Krents	10
GEORGE BLAKE: RUSSIA'S TOP DOUBLE AGENT The story of one hot spy who escaped from the cooler	George Liu	22
CONFessions OF A BOTTLE KNOCKER A life-smoking is one of the few distinguishing marks left to the mole	Harold Bauer	24

UMOR

DOES SHE OR DOESN'T SHE? Available index to the bad-ability of women	Lou Reuze	34
ADAM'S TALES <small>Just for fun: stories for the pleasure of a good human</small>		78

MARCH

THE FOX Cleridge Pictures 46
A lathen theme and Sandy Dennis add up to a winning combination.

卷之三

MEDI-CARE Carol Peters provides strong medicine for a weak pulse	Kirk Hoveepian	4
TOMI DES YEUX VERTES* Toni Monis is a gorgeous green-eyed eye stopper	Inv. Casteren	18
STARRE LIGHT, STARRE BRIGHT Chita Starr really shines as she reveals her ivylic Starr dimensions	Ron Vogel	38
SULTRY SOPHIA Miss Bergman from <i>Asia Minor</i> makes in sex appeal	BBK	70

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ADAM TURNS ON HISTORY A golden rate of pleasure produced a fine crop	Earl Marshall	35
GEAR ADAM Our readers express their opinions		52
THINGS TO COME Next month's ADAM in a nutshell		83



Catch the reflections of green-eyed beauty, Toni Marie—see page 18.

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She was built for dancing, so the medical profession lost a girl in white—and we gained Cara!

MEDI-CARA

CARA PETERS really had the ambition to be a surgeon when she was a school girl in Paris and she still would like someday to go to "med school." But meantime she's a dancer in "many TV shows." (She was too young to appear in the "Ben Casey" or "The Doctors and the Nurses" series) Cara tells she believes that love is mainly a "physical" thing, stating emphatically, "I like a big man." However, she says she hasn't yet "met anyone who really was that interesting." She says that her "secret desire" is "to have many lovers," and she listed no "favorite books" because, "I don't read much . . ." ☐



Cara put us on by giving her "number that is most easily reached" as 38-22-36 . . .







Telsa had to save the mission from destruction because of Herog's passion to remain a *Homo sapien*

Telsa stood before the reflector screen and surveyed herself with a practiced smile, a trace of quiet horror running through her mind. She ran the palms of her hands over smooth, flaring hips, gently probed the soft expanse of her stomach with the tips of her fingers and kneaded the flesh of soft but firm breasts. She moved her limbs and arched her torso and watched the subtle play of muscles sliding beneath her skin. ■ "Grotesque." Telsa turned as the thought stabbed through her mind. She executed the movement smoothly. Her coordination was improving.

—turn to page 66

LEST WE DIE

by William G. Tedford

Was Marie Antoinette a victim of character assassination, or did she diddle?

IT IS A COMMONLY accepted belief that Marie Antoinette was one of the great swingers of all time. She is often ranked with Valeria Messalina who, at the age of sixteen, married the Roman Emperor Claudius and began to make nymphomaniac history. Antoinette is also mentioned as a match for Catherine the Great, Empress of Russia, who admitted to a dozen lovers and was suspected of hundreds. ■ The Roman historian Juvenal tells us that Messalina supplied her husband with attractive housemaids for his bed and then, to satisfy her own needs, would disguise herself, enter a brothel, receive all comers and pocket the cash, thus having all the fun and getting all the gravy, too. Catherine, it is said, advised six beddings a day. Her name is forever linked with sexual excess, both heterosexual and homosexual, with a touch of voyeurism.

—turn the page

QUEEN of LUST?

by Peter Kento





shown in. One report states that the Empress of all the Russias died in bed, not alone, but in the act of copulation.

Mesdames and Catherine make fast company, indeed, for the Austrian bride of Louis XVI. However, there is one body of material of a quasi-historical nature which, if factual, would make the last queen of France the greatest swinger of the Western World. In a section of the *Bibliotheque Nationale* in Paris, a section called "The Hell," there are reams of material describing Marie Antoinette as the most promiscuous of all in an age not noted for chastity.

Consider this verse from a sonnet about Antoinette.

*Here lies the unresistant Maria
Who still in her mother's womb
Knew how to please herself
To have sexual relations with
her father.*

And that's a bowdlerized translation, for the French invented many of the terms which describe sexual activity, terms which are still frowned upon to print.

In song, in verse, in the form of dramatic productions which never were produced in public, in fiction and in so-called "official" reports, Marie Antoinette was the victim of what was, perhaps, the most devastating character assassination of which there is record. Jean Herivel presented, for example, an alleged police report written during the time Antoinette was held prisoner, with the rest of the royal family and attendants, in The Trian-

gle. With Antoinette were Marie Therese Louise De Savoie-Carignan, the Princesse De Lamballe and another royal lady, Madame Tourel. It is easy to recognize the florid style of Eighteenth Century pornography in the following sample of that "police report."

"The Queen had her sweet female friends lodged quite near her. She took advantage of their availability to have them use their light hands to caress graciously and with desirous the lovable grotto where so many heroes had lodged the tree of life. As she was being caressed, the Queen pressed to her burning bosom the portrait of the seductive Count d'Artois."

The count was a relative of the king, and is popular belief, one of the lovers of Antoinette.

"A few nights after at the height of passion," the police report continues, "brought the scene to the attention of the guards in the next room, separated from the Queen by a thin wall. The guards found a crack to peek through. They could see distinctly all the movements of the Queen of France."

"Madame Tourel, lying on the bed with Antoinette, presented the Queen her bosom to caress while she with her little finger rubbed vigorously the nipple of one of the Queen's tits." (Author's note: Use of the French word *tits* seems to indicate, along with the later description of acts and functions of specific anatomical details, that there was, perhaps, intent to arouse the reader sexually as well as politically. In short, this alleged police re-

port would seem to be the work of a professional writer of notorious material.)

"Princes Lamballe," the account continues, "was at the foot of the bed and with her right hand explored the Venus bush which became often moist with a sweet dew. Lamballe's left hand slapped gently and in evidence one of the royal buttocks. The Queen made convulsive movements which betrayed her state of heat."

The guards saw Princess Lamballe draw from her clothing a sort of gode-noue (chkin) which she inserted into that part of her which makes all male delights. Madame Tourel tied the gode-noue around the contour of Lamballe's hips with a wide ribbon which contrasted in bright scarlet to the marvelous whiteness of skin. Tourel, in her turn, put on a similar instrument. In this outfit the two women get onto the bed, Antoinette straddling them and holding them tightly. A thousand kisses made the scene worthy of the daughter of Marie Therese.

"The three women, half-drunk with ecstasy, began the sacrifice which they could only imagine. Lamballe lay beneath, the instrument with which she was armed destined to make the way between the Austrian buttocks. Tourel made her way to that obscure part of the woods of Cythere. The Queen, that between two fires, imagined that she was being serviced by both d'Artois and Lafayette. Her loving and burning tongue sought refreshment on the curved lips of her sweet friends. Lafayette transported the three Graces and the Gods saw them move willy-nilly and then fall into sweet lassitude at the end of the sacrifice. For a few moments, they appeared unconscious."

It takes little imagination to decide that most of this so-called police report would not be admissible in any modern Western court. How, for example, did the vociferous guards, watching from an adjoining room through a convenient crack in the wall of the Royal dwelling, know that Antoinette imagined "that she was being serviced by both d'Artois and Lafayette?"

But Marie Antoinette and the entire concept of royalty were not on trial in a proper court of law. They were being tried at the seething cauldron of public opinion, seared by the steaming emotions generated during the French Revolution. Quite wrongly, Antoinette was blamed for the state of the French economy. It was illegal but useful for revolutionaries to say that Marie

Also



"Now I've got to think of a reasonable excuse for getting so little work done."

Antoinette's extravagances had bankrupted the state.

As a part of the court, Antoinette was naturally against many of the reforms of the revolution. She was hated by the revolutionaries for several reasons, first because she was Austrian. Even when the young Antoinette was married to the heir to the French throne on May 16, 1770, she was unpopular in France because of past wars and national rivalry. The marriage did little to strengthen the temporary alliance between France and Austria, a friendship which ended with France declaring war on Austria on April 20, 1792.

Some historians agree that Antoinette was a victim of circumstance, powerless before the strong tide of forces which was running against royal rule the world over. She would have been hated by the revolutionaries if she had been pure as a Madonna, and, like most royal women of the Eighteenth Century, she was not above a romantic adventure. Louis XVI, her husband, is not remembered as one of the fine lovers of the century of amour, temours amour. In fact, he was said by some to be frigid. He was unable to produce an heir immediately. Thus, when Marie gave birth to children, eyebrows were raised and parenting was questioned. Marie had not been overly discreet, seeking companionship and arrangement with court favorites of dubious reputation.

However, aside from documentation of some gay parties at court, the bulk of the derision which has been heaped on the head of the last queen of France was in the form of whispers and popular rumor. This folk knowledge of Marie Antoinette's misbehavior, true or false—or partially true—makes up an interesting array of pamphlets, libels, verses, songs, plays which were used as weapons in the war against royal rule. Public sentiment against Marie Antoinette could not have failed to play a part in the final overthrow of the royal family.

From 1789 on, the royal family were virtual prisoners in Paris. Louis XVI was curiously impotent and it was left to Antoinette to play an active part in intrigues to liberate her family. Her moral character had been attacked openly by a highly placed personage, Louis Philippe, duc d'Orléans, and the underground campaign to convince the people that they had a whore for a queen was at its height. Damagingly illustrated pamphlets showed the queen in acts of copulation, showed her engaged in every form of

sexual perversion. Actually, with the birth of her daughter, Marie Therese Charlotte in 1778 and of the dauphin Louis in October of 1781, Antoinette had begun to live a much quieter life. It was too late.

The Affair of the Diamond Necklace, which Napoleon regarded as one of the causes of the French Revolution, had gravely weakened the French monarchy. Much has been written about that affair. Briefly, it involved a bastard daughter of Henry II, the Comtesse de La Motte, and the Cardinal de Rohan.

La Motte convinced the cardinal, who was out of favor in the French court, that he could endear himself to Antoinette by buying for her a diamond necklace worth 1,000,000 livres. La Motte's plan was to trick the cardinal into buying the necklace, pose as his intermediary with the queen, and seize the necklace herself. La Motte forged letters from Antoinette and went so far as to hire a prostitute to pose as the queen in the gardens of Versailles.

Antoinette, who was blameless in the scandal which exploded over the valuable necklace, was later linked with Rohan in an amazing, if licentious, work of pornography called *The Royal Warehouse*. This work is illustrative of the venom with which the queen was attacked. The scene of the work is the queen's apartments at Versailles and it is presented in a dialogue, beginning with the queen and her chambermaid.

In summary, the queen refers contemptuously to the people of Paris as "the frogs along the Seine" and shows her malice by looking forward to a visit in one evening from the Chevalier de B—, the Baron of B—, the Marques of H— and the Bishop of B—, the last being, of course, a churchman, as was the principal of the diamond necklace affair, the Cardinal de Rohan. The queen orders her maid to prepare *bonbon* so that she might regain her strength after a first round of pleasure with her three callers. It is also intimated that the maid, herself, is one of the queen's lovers.

The maid speaks, "I'm going, but be careful you don't do it too rough. Just let the Bishop of B— work on you. He's a stud worth any four others."

Antoinette says, "Don't worry. Six of their sort wouldn't frighten me at all."

Antoinette goes into the apartment where she finds the three men completely naked with their weapons at the ready. The queen is beside herself with joy. She wants to be naked, too. In her eagerness to reveal the seat of the virginity the last three years before her marriage, she cuts her lace, heedless of the fact that she will need them to attack her undergarment when she is ready to be doused again. The Chevalier de B— shows his privates and sings:

—Chevalier de B—.

"Good evening Antoinette

—turn to page 62

ABOVE



A bedroom barometer to tell you whether or not!

DOES SHE OR DOESN'T SHE?

(An Infallible Guide)

by Lou Rizzo



DOES



DOESN'T



DOES

How many times on that first date have you gazed searchingly into her eyes and asked yourself that eternal question: Does She Or Doesn't She? (Any relationship between our question here and that posed by the Clairol Company is purely one of greed and bad taste.) This single query has haunted mankind throughout the ages. Indeed, it may have been the first thought Adam had of Eve, Caesar of Cleopatra and Porky Pig of Petunia.

Here at last is a guide that answers this gnawing question for you, a guide that will take the guesswork out of your love life, an invaluable aid that can save you time, money and avertures — embarrassment. Now for the first time — an accurate barometer of whether your date will end in a storm — or a hellfire burst of sunshine.

We have spared no costs in compiling this scintillating information. Hidden microphones were placed in hun-

ds of motels, parked automobiles, caves, office Christmas parties, hay lofts, movie balconies, the Pomona Old Folks Home, under rocks, and in a pear tree.

SURE does if you're at her pad digging Machiavellish on her Ampex and she tells you she wants to slip into something more comfortable. A few seconds later she comes out of the bedroom wearing one of those new — turn the page



paper dressing gown — except that she's made of clear cellulose.

she doesn't if you proposition her in a bar — and she flashes a badge.

she does if you:

(1) Tell her you're a musician and she says, "Musicians always stimulate me."

(2) Tell her you're an accountant and she says, "Accountants always stimulate me."

(3) Tell her you're a leper and she says, "Lepers always stimulate me."

she doesn't if she's the President's daughter and there are always a dozen secret service men hanging around — unless you're a secret service man and you're always hanging around.

she doesn't if she's an airline stewardess.

she does if she tells you she's a Bryn Mawr senior and she turns down your first request for a date — but hastily changes her mind after you casually mention you're on the board of General Motors and your father owns Idaho.

she doesn't if she plays trumpet in a Salvation Army band.

she does if she tells you she has never loved anyone as passionately as she loved her old boyfriend, Macbeth. And several Black Russians later she turns to you and smiles, "You know, you remind me a lot of Macbeth."

she doesn't if there's a rare moon and you invite her for a drive out to the lake and she says she'd rather go over to the local Moose Club — where there's a lecture on, "Social Diseases and Their Prevention."

she does if she tells you she's been through psychoanalysis — and it was successful in "freeing her."

she doesn't if she thinks Ed Sullivan is the most exciting man in show business today.

she does if she's a social worker — but only if you're a Negro.

she doesn't if she takes you home to meet mom and mom is blonde, quite young, 38-26-34 — and a divorcee. During the course of the evening mom playfully comments on the "cute way you wear your hair" and "your nice physique." Finally, she sends her daughter out on an errand — to Boston. (In that case you don't get the daughter — but what-the-hell?)

she does if she tells you she's a virgin.

(work) This list is not, as you may think, a simple facetious variation on one past. Your researchers have found that many modern girls consider the word "virgin" a relative term. They feel that if a week or so goes by and it is assumed that they automatically revert to the hallowed state. Also, we found that about 20% of females interviewed felt that the fact they never made it with a longhander — on Tuesdays — during a strike — was also a strong argument for their claim to purity. Conclusion: "Virgins are a darn good bet."

she doesn't if you get an icy stare after you tell her you've just finished a book on Scandinavian mythology and your favorite character was the Queen of the gods — Frigg.

she does if she has a shape like Kate Smith.

she doesn't if —

(a) You reach over to caress her and she says, "You're hurting me."

(b) You try to kiss her and she says, "You're hurting me."

(c) You reach over to offer her a cigarette and she says, "You're hurting me."

she does if during a passionate embrace she whispers huskily, "Stop it . . ." Then draws you closer.

she doesn't if you make your play and she suddenly sits up and begins telling you about her gall bladder operation.

she does if she tickles your palm with her middle finger when she shakes hands with you.



"I won't be able to play poker tonight, Jim. The wife's out of town and I'm getting ready to do some dishes!"

SHE DOESN'T if she thinks phallic symbol is a Greek philosopher

SHE DOESN'T if you make a pass at her and she says, "What kind of a girl do you think I am?" You tell her and she says, "Well, as long as we understand each other . . ."

SHE DOESN'T if the words Dr. Scholl's Orthopedic Shoes

SHE DOESN'T if she's a vacuous little nihilist hitchhiker who've picked up in your MG and while you're spending down a lonely road she asks if she can shift gears for you. You say yes and she reaches for the stick near your leg and "accidentally" misses. She giggles, "I never did know much about cars."

SHE DOESN'T (not to you anyway) if after you've blown fifty bricks on your first date to impress her she won't let you kiss her good night because "there's - this - falls - see - I've - really - broken - up - with - him - and - I've - been - trying - to - forget - him - and - I - really - love - going - out - with - you - but - anything - more - than - that - would - make - me - feel - guilty" type thing. Beware of this situation! What's happening is that the old boyfriend is tired of her - but when there's nothing better shaking he still pops over for a quick shlep. She really does feel guilty about having an affair with more than one guy at a time. She will not, however, feel guilty about having you spend your hard-earned sheets on her and entertaining her until Mr. Big calls her from the bench again.

SHE DOESN'T if she has just arrived at your apartment and as you're helping her off with her coat she begins panting and tearing at you. Then she pushes you on to the sofa and moans, "I give up . . . you're just too strong for me."

SHE DOESN'T if you take her to the zoo and looks at you in disgust when the monkeys start doing what monkeys always do at zoos.

SHE DOESN'T if she tells you her husband don't understand her.

SHE DOESN'T if you've finally wrested her into a色情 position and she starts whistling "The Star Spangled Banner."

SHE DOES if -

(a) She says, "Give me one good reason why I should" - and you give her two, or -

(b) She says, "No" You say, "Give me one good reason" And she can't

SHE DOESN'T if you're a young stud just out of basic training and you haven't seen a girl in weeks. She's a doll you went to high school with. You're parked on a lonely road and you're so horny you feel like an Elk. Perspiring heavily you shoot her your best lines, including the hit that you may not ever come back from "over there" (Even though you're in Special Service and you've been assigned to duty in Hawaii). You reach over to make your play and she suddenly sits up and looking at the clock on your dashboard yells, "Holy bananas! It's almost ten o'clock and Sonny and Cher are on TV tonight. If we hurry we can still get home in time to see them!"

SHE DOESN'T if she argues the bus

to know a guy for awhile before she can consider anything serious. You ask how long that'll take. She replies, "Would twenty minutes be too long?"

SHE DOESN'T if while you're standing in front of her apartment with her, the gal she rooms with - a big ugly, batish-like creature - flings open the door and threatens to break every bone in your body if she ever catches you around there again.

SHE DOESN'T if you've just met her and you spend the rest of the evening plying her with food, drink and your sharpest lines and at evening's end - she quotes you a price.

SHE DOESN'T if she says you look repulsive in tight pants.

SHE DOESN'T if she invites you to take them off. 

Alma



"Weddays mean, my wife is suffering from nymphomania? I'm the one who's suffering from it."





TONI DES YEUX VERTS*

(*Of the green eyes.) That's Toni Marie, who is Parisienne from toe to tip, all five feet four and 35-23-36 of her. And what they say about this French gal is — ouï! Toni's just turned twenty (neatly turned), and she's just six months away from her native France. She loves the USA and hopes to stay, but her voice goes soft when she recalls the light and gay international life she led in the City of Light — international since the young crowd in Paris comes from almost every country to study art, music, literature — and each other. ☺



Being of the Nouvelle Vague
des Femmes (new wave in
chicks), French-bred Toni Marie
is at home in our new nudity.
Her favorite indoor game
is "Georgie Orgie"—and
free love? "I love it!"



YOU ARE LEAVING
THE AMERICAN SECTOR
ВЫ ВЫЕЗЖАЕТЕ ИЗ
АМЕРИКАНСКОГО СЕКТОРА

VOUS S
DU SECTEUR
SIE VERLASSEN SIE DEN

The twisted trail of a spy who crossed the bridge from West to East

IT WAS RAINING heavily on London and the 317 prisoners in D Hall of Wormwood Scrubs Prison were being kept indoors on Saturday, October 22, 1966. The 5 p.m. roll check had just been taken, and since everything seemed to be normal, all of the prisoners were being released from their individual cells for a two-hour "free association" period. Some men would spend this time playing checkers and talking to the other inmates, others would complete lessons for various correspondence courses or read books from the prison library. Two hundred and ten prisoners were escorted by two guards to another wing of Wormwood Scrubs where they were going to see a current movie with other convicts. The remaining 107 were being kept in D Hall, where most of them were

- turn the page

GEORGE BLAKE: RUSSIA'S TOP DOUBLE AGENT

by George Liu



watching the wrestling matches on television.

George Blake had watched the matches for several minutes before he turned to a guard and angrily spoke out: "All these matches are phony. They're all rigged."

The guard nodded his head indifferently, then replied, "Well, you don't have to watch them if you don't

Although he had been off the "escape list"—a file of all prisoners who had attempted to escape or those who were regarded as potential escapees—for over five years, the governor of the prison wouldn't give him the freedom of movement the other inmates had. Unconsciously, Blake glanced at the two guards supervising the men. Both were watching the tele-

vised, "Sorry, I'm going back to my cell. I've got to finish my Arabic lesson."

At the foot of the stairs, Blake cautiously turned his head back to see if any guard or prisoner was watching him. No one was looking. It took him only a dozen seconds to reach the second floor of the building. Walking between the rows of cells, Blake discovered that he was the only person on the floor.

There was a large, iron-barred window, its glass partly broken, at the end of the corridor. Blake walked up to it, stooped down, and ran his right hand down the central iron bar. Near the floor his hand stopped at a strip of dark adhesive tape which had been wrapped around the bar several times. Blake had placed it there to conceal a cut in the cast iron.

Blake waited a minute until the men below him let out a yell. It took only a few kicks with his boot to bend the cut bar far enough out of shape to allow his body to squeeze through. The ground was twenty feet below him. Blake swung his legs out as he leaped and landed on a parapet covering an entrance to D Hall. With one more short jump he was on the ground.

"The guard," Blake quietly spoke to himself and kept low near the parapet, waiting. A few minutes passed, and then a lone figure decked out in rain gear and carrying a flashlight passed by. The guard swung the light towards the parapet but didn't see the figure huddled there.

"Eight minutes, just eight minutes." Blake was thinking of the small amount of time he had left for his escape. "Eight minutes to get to the wall and to get out."

The guard disappeared in the rain.

Blake huddled a short hedge and ran towards the wall twenty yards away. As he approached it, he saw the ladder hanging down next to the bricks. It was made of nylon and each rung was reinforced with a long, grey knitting needle.

One, two, three... up the twenty rungs Blake slowly climbed. His mind was counting off the minutes before the guard would return. He reached the top of the wall and then pushed his body off the narrow ledge. It was a leap, twenty feet straight down to the ground. Blake made a quick roll on his side as he landed to take the shock off his legs. This was a trick he had learned twenty years before when he was instructing British agents who were being air-dropped in Nazi-held territory.

Blake's blue prison uniform was thoroughly soaked when he got



Scotland Yard released this photo of double agent George Blake, serving a 42-year sentence, when he escaped from Wormwood Scrubs Prison on Oct. 22, 1966.

want to. Is there supposed to be anything better on?"

"Hell no. Right now there's just those rigged matches." Blake turned his eyes back to the screen but he couldn't keep his mind on the action. For a moment he thought about the movie in the other wing of the prison, but he knew he would never be allowed out of D Hall by the guards

1 VISION

Blake stayed in the main hall for a few more minutes and then started to walk towards the exit as the men were yelling for their favorites. The two guards didn't see him leave.

"Hey, George, stay and watch the TV," a prisoner called.

Blake didn't turn around to see who was addressing him, but quietly spoke

up and used to look through the heavy bars.

At 7 p.m. the prisoners of D Hall were returned to their cells for the evening count. At 7:10 a guard noticed that a cell on the second floor was empty. However, a few prisoners usually lagged behind, so it was spared. Ten minutes later, the cell was still empty and so the Governor of the prison and the main gate were notified. A quick search of the grounds was made and the nylon ladder was found hanging inside the wall. A guard also found a lot of pink chrysanthemums outside the prison which had been placed next to the wall where the ladder had been thrown over. At 7:45 Scotland Yard was notified.



On the left is a bearded George Blake when he was British Vice-Consul in Seoul as he was released with other Britons by the North Koreans in April, 1953.

field and an urgent message went out: Find George Blake.

It was Sunday when the English people heard the news. George Blake, the man who worked as a double agent for the Russians for nine and a half years while serving as a British intelligence officer, had escaped from prison.

George Blake was a man who had strong national loyalties. He was born as George Behar in Rotterdam in 1923. Albert Willem Behar, his father, was an Egyptian Jew who had spent five years in the French Foreign Legion and had earned the

rank of captain in the British Royal Army during World War I. When Egypt became an English Protectorate, his father became a British citizen. Catherine Beldervelle, his mother, came from a Protestant family in Holland.

In 1933 George traveled to Cairo where he lived with an aunt and her rich husband. It was there that he was taught the English language.

Blake's return to Rotterdam came only a few months before Adolf Hitler launched his armies against the nations of Europe. For several months of uneasy peace he lived with his godmothers while continuing his education. Blake was just under eighteen when the invasion of Holland

that his feelings were genuine and he was recruited as a courier. For two years Blake bicycled around the countryside while carrying messages for the underground fighters.

In the spring of 1942 Blake rode his bicycle to a drop point where he was to pick up some coded messages. Instead, there was a large envelope placed there. Teasing open the envelope, he discovered that it contained an assortment of official-looking documents. There was one piece of paper on which was written: "The Movement has been betrayed. Get out of the country before the Gestapo arrests you. Use these fake papers."

Blake immediately jumped on his bicycle and started to pedal to the

come. His mother, who had married an English diplomat after her first husband died, and his two sisters were able to cross the Channel into Great Britain before the Nazi storm troopers overran the small nation.

Since it was dangerous for Blake to remain in Rotterdam, he fled to Wareveeld in eastern Holland, where he lived with an uncle. It was there that Blake was introduced to the clandestine activities that would have an impact on his life. While living under the name of Pieter de Vries, he was contacted by the Dutch underground, which had learned of his anti-German feelings. They discovered

south. He did not stop at his uncle's home, but traveled quickly into Belgium and then into France. Blake had boarded a train heading for the Pyrenees region of France when he was stopped by a Nazi guard who demanded to see his papers. Silently Blake handed over several of the forged documents he had received. One gave his age as 18 years. The guard was satisfied and let him continue riding on the train.

Near the French-Spanish border, he made contact with an "underground railroad" which had helped downed

— turn to page 32

Thom watched the reeds. He watched for movement. There was none and it wasn't at all like duck hunting...

The day began with a red streak under the brushed-over sky clouds and the air was thick and heavy with a damp greenness and there was a flower smell, too, and he began to sweat and a mosquito flew into his ear and buzzed and he shook his head and the heavy helmet worked like a counterweight and he couldn't shake his head quickly. A bunch of gnats hovered in front of him and he raised his hand and brushed them away and he didn't move fast because then

—turn the page

THE FIRST ONE

by Charles E. Larsen





He might be in the iron sights and then a bullet might come with bang-crack and he—he didn't like to think about that—a great few into his right eye and he moved his hand up slowly and rubbed and then his eye burned and watered so the rubbing squashed the body of the gnat and the digestive pangs were on his eyeball. His left eye began to water and it was like looking through wet glass and he pulled out his tan handkerchief and rubbed both eyes while he held his head down and the burning eased and he looked up and could see out over the water of the creek now that the mist was gone and he thought of the morning's duck hunting in Illinois.

Everything is green, dusted over with grays and browns when the sun is gone in Illinois and duck hunting is the getting up in full darkness and smelling coffee and putting on the long underwear and heavy rubber boots and thick clothes and the bitter taste of the too-strong coffee and the stepping out into the crackling coldness of the night and then the headlights stabbing through the darkness and the hello at Don's and putting the boat on top of the car and driving out to the river and the thump-splash of the boat as it hits the water and then the long paddle in the black void of the Illinois river and the skittering sound of ducks unseen fleeing the boat's progress and then the arrival in front of the blind and unwinning the decoys from the decoys and the casting at last decoy heads and then marching into the finger-splashing water to grab decoys too short on anchor-twines and casting them closer to the shore and pulling up the boat and putting the canvas on it and then sticks and weeds and stumbling over broken sticks and logs and twigs to the blind and placing the shotgun against the front of the blind and sitting down and the cold wetness of your pants from the splashing of the decoys and then shivering and waiting and—

He stared at the other bank. Nothing. That shot was a long way off. He raised the weapon and sighted across to the other bank and his hands were wet from sweat. He wasn't afraid to move now because the sun wasn't in his face and in the shadows he was almost invisible. He tried to unfocus his eyes again. When they were unfocused he could see movement and his unfocusing had gotten him placed out front. The sergeant said that Thom could see movement better than anyone and he walked the sergeant was here now and he felt the sweat rolling down his back and around his belly and he itched. He al-

ways itched after being out in the field, even during the duck season.

The air is colder and sometimes your pants freeze stiff right before dawn, and then, if it's a really good deck day, the clouds hang low and the day is blended with the night and it drizzles and you are damp right through and you try to count the decoys to see if you don't have some out there that aren't decoys and the gray-lighted sky comes heavily and you are wet in some places where your coat has lost its waterproofing and maybe it snows and then you hear barks, barks echoing down the pier and you're ready and you have the double-barreled gun up.

You watch the decoys and if your luck is good you hear the whistling swoosh of ducks as they fly over and make a swooping curve up and out and their necks are craned to watch the decoys and the shore and if you sit quiet enough they turn and fly back and set their wings and splash into the decoys.

Mostly they land out near the edge of the decoys and swim around out there for a while and then they move in and as they come closer they cheeble and tip their pointed bottoms skyward and eat and you could stand and shoot but you wait and watch and you don't have much urge to shoot them as they swim around and then, when they have all moved in close to the blind, you stand up to let them see you and as they rise you shoot and maybe some tumble, wings askew, into the water, and you watch the hit ones in the water and sometimes they keep moving their heads up and dropping their backs into the water as they die and sometimes they're quiet and you reload and at night and those who flew out of the decoys come whistling back and make neck-cracking sweeps over the decoys and you boom more shots at them.

Then you clamber out of the blind and you see as stiff from sitting in the coldness and you watch the hot ones again as you relax and if any move you lay a blast of number two's over them and then you run to the boat and paddle through the decoys and dash into the water and grab the duckies and throw them in the middle of the boat and—hop-hop-hop-hop-hop Then leaked on

He looked down the barrel. No movement. The hundred yards to the creek was green and still and he heard it again, bop-bop-bop-crack. He winced from a stomach cramp. His eyes burned from sweat running in at the corners and he reached down and pulled up his handkerchief and rubbed

his eyes and kept his finger on the trigger and he thought he would like to be with his buddies two hundred yards behind him, back in the regular line. He figured he had men maybe three hundred yards to each side, men that he knew of anyway, and he looked at the creek bank again and tried to get his eyes unfocused and he pulled one loose up to his chest to ease the cramp in his gut and he sheared the weapons far away and then the crack of rifles and told himself to relax and no one wax there and he stared over the field and saw every scrubby bush and the patches of wild grass and he had a burning feeling in his throat and he wished he had someone with him.

He pulled the canvas bag open and stuck the clips in these piles on the canvas bag. He counted them. There were twenty of them with twenty strands in each and now they were by his left hand.

He remembered the sergeant asking, "You even do any hunting, Hause?" And when he said, "Yes, but only for small game," the sergeant saying, "No different from killing a squirrel or a rabbit after you get used to it. First one's tough, but the rest aren't so bad and mostly they're far away and there's a guy near 'em who has killed and he gets 'em if you don't, or else everyone's a blaster" and you never know if you've hit anyone anyway." The sergeant had paused and then continued, "Knew a lad once — son of a bitch and he couldn't kill anyone — swore it. Then he saw a buddy get hit in a fist fight. Guess it got to 'im cause he pulled down a guy cutting meat with a white cloth. Poor guy comin' out to surrender and the bad guys beat him in half. A regular meat grinder was what he was, but most guys it bothers, the first one I mean, but don't worry — you'll make it — not one's the toughest."

He could hear more shots now, bursts and cracks and he wondered if they were in the grove and turned to look out the side. The grove was then around him and he could see out of the sides and he wondered why there weren't more men out here and he guessed there weren't enough of them to have two full lines and the acid was burning in his mouth now and he wished he was religious and could pray and then maybe he wouldn't be shaking and he was scared he wouldn't shoot and would miss and then everyone would know what he knew and maybe he'd be dead and—

He saw it. He stared at the place something was moving. Just behind

the reeds — on the other bank. He watched the darkness. It stopped. Down the barrel of the gun. He wanted to shoot. Didn't there might be more of them. Over there beyond the reeds. If he shot they'd know where he was. Did they send out patrols or lone scouts? He watched the darkness. It broke through. A pig. "A god-damned pig," he muttered and smiled and breathed deep and sat back and was glad he hadn't shot.

He remembered the times he had shot sky high at ducks and the sadness when one would tumble from the flock and then regain control and keep following far behind the flock and he knew it would probably die

hogs and figured their big ears were his alarm system and no one could get across the creek with those big ears pointed at them without speaking them and then he'd know — unless they were tame pigs.

Crack. He strained forward and flattened on his belly again and scanned the open space and the sad was stronger in his throat. He saw the same humps and brother and that last shot was near and why didn't he hear the bopping of a machine gun? He thought maybe the rifle was from the line behind him. Maybe someone was shooting pigs and he thought of the wild shooting of the duck hunting when you sit late in the morning and

place where he had first seen the pig. He shook and his heart throbbed at his temples. The darkness was gone. Maybe it was another pig. He prayed, "God help me," and wiped his eyes and forehead.

The reeds moved where the pig had come out and he started to exhale. Stopped. He saw hands parting the reeds and now the face peering through and he shivered and he knew this was the one and there was a ghost and Thom watched the man push the reeds apart and stick his head through and turn and look all around and the man stepped out and splashed them with the water up to his knees and looked around again and then splashed across and into the reeds on this side. Thom's stomach cramped and he felt nausea spread over him, and these — another man, another man in the reeds, and the first one is bellying over to that clump of grass and the second and now a third break through the reeds and cross the creek and crawl on their bellies up to the first man in the clump.

Thom's ears roar and he feels his face flush and can he kill a man and is he too scared to kill or too scared of them killing him? They must use the pig runs — "The Lord is my shepherd" — what happens if they meet a pig in the run? "I shall not . . ." . . . "The first one moving now, maybe seventy-five yards out and the other two are behind him and three more crossing the creek and the one in the reeds. Thom's throat is cotton dry. They move slow and they watch and Thom has his gun on the near one. They're in the grass about fifty yards out and Thom can see their movement and their shapes in the grass and now there are six in the grass and the one across the creek and big trigger finger at numb, cold-sleep, and he's cold all over now. His sweat feels oily. He should kill that one and the others and he feels sick and — the antenna rises up out of the grass and undulates in the bushes. "Please God — Please God let me pull the trigger," and his vision blurs and he has a sour taste on top of the acid in his mouth and he rubs his eyes again and still the antenna is up. Now it's gone. Now one man squatting out in front of the grass and Thom watching all sate mouthed and green feeling. The man on all fours, moving in a crab-like scuttle and Thom can see his glasses now. The bitter bile taste and the soaring rush in Thom's ears and his head has a pressure in it and the man forty yards out now and Thom holding his breath and giddy feeling from holding it and



"Oh, I'd divorce George in a minute, if I wasn't afraid he'd memory and get someone nice."

anyway and maybe it would suffice.

He watched the hog wade out in the stream and cool itself and he thought of how the water would stop his fishing and watched he could get in the stream. The pig turned. It can stand out. Thom sat up and then eased down onto his belly. Another pig came out and the two stood in water up to their bellies with their maws to him and rooted in the bank. Thom sat back and took his helmet off and poured water over his head and wiped his face and the handkerchief smelled sour. He drank some of the green-tinted water. His hands were wet and he wiped them on his shirt front and then he watched the

hogs the boom and you get ready and then a heron flies over and you get mad and his eyes burned again and he wiped the sweat out and looked up —

Gas. They're gone. Thom's chest tingled and his breath stopped. He stared. He forced himself to exhale. He inhaled by command. His eyes watered and he grabbed the balled-up handkerchief and wiped them. Maybe they just felt like leaving. Maybe everything was okay. His breathing was less forced and he tried to think of the ducks —

A darkness. Behind the reeds. He swallowed. His throat was dry. He watched the darkness in the same

— turn to page 30

wishing someone was next to him to kill the man. The man twenty-five yards out now and this man has the wrong face—apt the face in the posters. Then blinded his eyes. Was that *seen*? The man standing. Staring at Thom. Thom can't move—pull—pull—God damn you, pull! Nothing. Nothing. The man turning now and dropping to all fours and scurrying back and Thom exhaling and the antenna up and shots up the creek and the other one gone from the bank now and maybe they'll all leave and maybe he won't have to do it.

Thom mapped his face and eased back from the gun and drank from his canteen to wash the bile down and his ears were quieting down now and his stomach still felt like after too many rides at a carnival and he drank some more and looked at his watch. It was one in the afternoon and he tried to think of duck hunting and how he

would point the gun and blast sometimes—the antenna was down. He breathed easier now and he lay down behind the gun again and he looked down the barrel to the reedy bank and no one in the pig run and no movement in the grass and he can't think of duck hunting now and he gouges a hole in the soft earth and keeps his eyes on the bank and urinates in the hole and brushes dirt over it and his neck muscles hurt.

The man in the reeds again. The antenna up. Now more men. Free Seven Ten. Thom lost count. They carry rifles and they can use a couch to the clamp and then to the grass and squat around it with their guns held ready. Thom swallowed. He feels the coarse wood stock against his cheek and his stomach is better than before. The first man comes out of the grass, points at Thom and then

reaches to the sides. The men fan out. They're moving, all crunched over, and their guns are ready. Forty yards out now. Round metal-capped glasses. Thirty yards. Eyes darting from side to side. Gun low now. Twenty yards. No breathing. Sear. Over the eye. Hollow under the Adam's apple, snarling ears. Blast. Now! Now! PULL! PULL!

The world is noise and the first one jerks back with legs pumping, arms grabbing air, and his glasses shatter in spackling pieces. The next now. Reload. Now. Shoot them down. Reload. Sustock, bullets and the whistle of bullets. They fall. Reload. Fire and they fall in the creek and they twist and fly—and the antenna. Wang, go the bullets and they fall and Thom pulls and reloads and pulls into the reeds and reloads. They fall out and back. Now nothing. The smell of powder and the burning eyes and echoes in his ears and Thom looking out, and they were scattered all over and there were some pieces of paper blowing through the grass and some of the men were doubled up and some shook and hollow sounds came through to him. He was tired. He saw the movement. Over there to the right.

He puts the head on, now just under it and pulls. The dirt kicks up with the sweep and the man rolls to his knees and his hands are holding his guts in and they are slipping out above his hands and Thom pulls again and the stamp pushes the scream out and the man trembles on his back and is looking. Thom switches to single shot and, not sweating now, he pulls once into each of the rumpled shapes. Some jerk and scream and some scream and some just flop over when the bullet wings into them.

When he had finished he switched to automatic and cut through the grass and reeds and there was no movement there. Thom looked to the right and the man had stopped looking and he couldn't hear anything but a ringing. Now he was alone. Thom felt disconnected and he twisted to the side and vomited and then he brushed dirt over it and he was trembling and wanted to cry out and the cry hardened into a hump in his throat and he felt sick and there were no tears. He was alive.

He stared out for a long time and jerked when the hand touched him. He turned and saw the sergeant looking out and he saw the sergeant's mouth moving and he couldn't hear anything but the ringing and the sergeant started to move past him and he grabbed the sergeant's arm and pointed to his ears and shook his head sideways. The sergeant pulled out a pencil and snarled, "Cover me," and

Illustration by Charles E. Burch



"I respect a girl who doesn't drink—we'll do anything that pops into your mind."

Thom shook his head yes, and watched the sergeant crawl out with the dead. The sergeant had his forty-five in his hand.

Thom watched the needs. He watched for movement. There was none and it wasn't at all like duck hunting and he saw the sergeant going from body to body on the left, rolling them over and now he was working back up the right side and Thom was glad he didn't have to search them with the sergeant. Still there was no movement except the papers the sergeant had pulled out and dropped and when the sergeant sat up and sat down next to him he had a leather satchel in his hand. The satchel was wet on one side and spattered on the end.

The sergeant sat for a while staring out and then rose and motioned for Thom to follow him and Thom did and they headed for the bus and Thom followed so close that he walked into the sergeant whenever the sergeant stopped or slowed down. When they got through their lines they reported to the lieutenant and Thom didn't say anything and the lieutenant smiled and shook his hand and made a phone call and they walked to a clearing and waited and after a while a helicopter came whirling down and they climbed into the opening on the side and as they skinned over the trees Thom began to hear the roaring engines.

They put him in a jeep when he got off the chopper and drove him to the hospital. The doctors examined him and wrote that he'd stay there through the night and he took a shower and then stopped the itching and he went to bed in between crisp white sheets and could hear the nurses through his sleep and he didn't dream.

The next morning he rose and took a shower and got examined again and walked to the mess hall and the clutter of trays and voices of the men were all overheard and the sergeant called to him. He walked over and the sergeant told him that the intelligence boys figured the satchel was big stuff and he was up for a medal for killing eighteen of them and getting the information. The sergeant said he should check with the medics and then go over to the chopper landing area and wait at landing zone one for a ride back to the unit. He told the sergeant that he had already been checked by the medics and the sergeant said he should just go right over to the chopper after chow.

He had scrambled eggs and bacon

for breakfast and sat around after it and drank four cups of coffee, and when he had finished he found out how to get in the field and walked over to it. The helicopter field was cleared of trees and there were numbers on signs around the edge so men would know where to wait. Thom walked over and leaned against a post with the number nine on it and stared out at the little knots of men scattered around the field. A young man in new equipment walked up and asked, "You're the one, isn't you?"

"Which one?" Thom asked.

"One the sergeant told us about — one that killed eighteen of 'em," the boy replied.

"All's what they say," Thom answered, "I didn't count them."

The boy turned to the others, "Told you he was the one — blazed eighteen of 'em, that's what he did."

The group of four moved toward

Thom and one boy stepped up to Thom and asked, "Is it hard to kill a man — I mean — I — I just don't know if I can do it — no matter what."

Thom pointed at the boy and saw that he wore glasses and he looked at the hollow below the Adam's apple and then he sighed and slid down the post to sit on the ground.

"Sorry," the boy said, "I was just wondering," and he started to turn away.

"S'okay — just tired," Thom said, and the sun reflected off the boy's glasses. "First one's tough — was for me anyway, but after that it gets easier — you'll see, the first one's the toughest," and Thom pulled his helmet down over his face and thought maybe in a few days the reflection of the sun on glasses wouldn't make his eyes water anymore. He guessed the powder smoke yesterday must have irritated them.

Adams



"Miss Creakshaw, I think you'll find working here very exciting."

Alfred pilot escape from Nazi territory. With its help Blake walked over the Pyrenees Mountains into Spain. Near Madrid he was arrested by the Civil Guard. However, since he had a British passport, he was sent to the English base at Gibraltar. From there he was flown to England in 1945.

When George landed in England, he adopted his stepfather's surname Blake. Because of his knowledge of Flemish and German and of the geography of Holland, he was recruited by the British Special Operations executive, who needed a man with those abilities for the Dutch branch. Blake spent the remainder of the war training agents who were being parachuted into Holland. At the end of the war he received the Dutch Order of Nieuw, as honor bringing his knighthood for his services.

Blake spent some time as an interpreter for the naval staffs in Berlin and Hamburg before he was approached by MI-6 (Military Intelligence, Branch 6, the organization which conducts England's espionage activities abroad), who needed a man with his war experiences and linguistic abilities. Using the front of a naval officer, he avoided a Russian interpreter course at Downing College, Cambridge, which was being run by Commander Anthony Courtney, who headed the Russian Section of Naval Intelligence. Courtney stated: "The Foreign Office contacted me and asked if I would accept Blake in the course. They indicated that he was being absorbed into our intelligence service, but that he should be regarded at the college as just a serving officer."

Blake's studies came to an end in 1948 when he was posted to Seoul, South Korea, where he was to pass as vice-consul at the embassy. Again, that was a mere cover to conceal the fact that his real bosses were in MI-6 and not in the Foreign Office. In 1949, with the information he had received from contacts, Blake warned his superiors that the North Koreans would soon cross the 38th Parallel, but his warning was ignored.

The second invasion and occupation Blake had foreseen came in the summer of 1950 when the North Koreans crossed the demilitarized zone and entered the South.

Captain Vyvyan Holt, head of the British Legation in Seoul, was given authorization to withdraw his staff as the Red army approached the city. Holt chose to remain in the legation building with Blake and another employee, Norman Owen, to take care of final administrative work.

It was July 2, 1950, when Holt

ordered Blake and Owen to the basement of the legation building to burn the cipher and other appropriate papers, while he remained in the main room to measure the British civilians who had taken refuge there. The two men quietly burned the papers as they listened to rifle shots. As an afterthought, they poured the contents of the building's wine cellar down the drain in hopes of preventing a drunken massacre. The front door was pushed down and several armed soldiers entered the main room. Holt, Blake, Owen and the other British civilians were arrested by the "People's Army" of North Korea.

Blake and the other civilian captives, including Philip Deane, a British journalist, and Commissioner Herbert Lord of the Salvation Army, were kept in the South until U.S. forces advanced towards the Yalu River. On October 31, 1950, the prisoners, along with 700 American soldiers, were taken on a death march across the 38th Parallel. The people were forced to walk 15 miles a day, and the combination of this physical exertion and the poor diet of rations had its effect. Those who dropped out of the march were sent to "People's Hospitals," where they were shot and buried. Commissioner Lord was forced at gunpoint to sign on the death certificates that these deaths were due to "heart failure." Lt. Col. H. Thornton, a captured Army officer, was shot in the head because he had let too many of his men drop out. Twenty-five percent of the march's participants died as a result of it.

It was a cold winter in Pyeong-
Yang that year. Blake shared a 9-by-9-foot cell with nine other prisoners. For the most part, he and the other civilians were not mistreated like the military prisoners, but there were times when the guards did their best to break the men.

"Look, there's a guard coming this way," Philip Deane spoke to Blake as they were resting on the ground, exhausted.

The guard pointed to the two men and spoke in broken English. "You two, get me some water."

Blake protested. "We can't. We're too tired."

"You can walk. You can get me some water." The guard was pointing to several 20-gallon drums a few hundred yards away.

"We can't. We're too exhausted. How can we? Maybe if you gave us some better food than that bird seed meal that we get all the time, we might." Blake was persistent.

The guard became enraged over this back talk. "I'm the guard here. Blend over, get down."

The two men could only obey his orders. The guard brought the butt of the rifle down on Blake's back. Then Deane was hit. Over and over he beat and kicked the two men before him, but neither one of them gave out any cries of pain. Blake's face was partially buried in the snow, but the guard could see a forced smile on his lips. Blake kept that smile throughout the beating.

During the months of captivity, the men around Blake admired him for his courage and for his ability to resist the attempts at brainwashing. Bishop Coal Cooper stated: "Blake was a man of great energy. He kept us alive by his enthusiasm and his courage. Blake resisted the brainwashing fiercely, arguing with the political officers who were attempting to indoctrinate us."

During the time of captivity, the civilians were not exposed to as much brainwashing as were the military. However, they were constantly bombarded with propaganda, works of Lenin, Marx, and Mao, modern Soviet literature and Russian newspapers. Blake was hungry for reading material and eagerly read these books. During the summer of 1951 he began to have doubts about the wisdom of communism. Nowhere in the reading material could he see glories in Russia, but he knew they existed in the capitalist nations. The communist system did not "exploit" the workers as was done in the Western nations. The more Blake read, the more convinced he became that it was better than the system he had been raised under.

The break came in November, 1951. Blake had been talking to his interrogator when he demanded, "I want to see the Tiger."

A few minutes passed, then the commandant of the prison camp appeared. "What do you want?"

Blake's reply was short. "I want to work for the communists."

This was met with a short laugh. "Why do you want to do that?" The man's voice became bitter. "You've already convinced one of our men that the South was better than our People's Democracy. Why am I to trust you?"

The words came carefully from Blake's mouth. "At first, I believed in the capitalist system. But now I have come to believe that the communist system is the only one which can establish a better and a more just society in this world."

Tiger ordered some guards to bring

— turn to page 34

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Blake some food. After he had finished eating, the two men discussed Blake's change. Blake convinced Tigr of his desire to help the communists. When he was offered to be moved out of the prison to another camp for defectors, he declined and insisted on being returned to his friends. However, he made it clear that he would not inform on them.

Blake spent another 15 months in captivity until his repatriation in April, 1963. He was flown to London where he arrived as a hero. MI-6 (counter-intelligence) made a thorough investigation of his term of captivity but could not find anything to indicate disloyalty. Only Blake knew of his secret defection. Instead of being dropped as an intelligence officer, MI-6 decided to keep him.

After an extended vacation Blake was given a position in an unpublicized department of the Foreign Office. He then secretly contacted the Russian embassy and arranged a meeting with one of their men. The Russian sent a General Korovin (this was the London alias of Nikolaiy Rokhlin, who returned to the USSR in 1961 to head the "Executive Action" section of the KGB, the section concerned with executions and assassinations) to discuss Blake's offer to hand over secret documents. Korovin was surprised when Blake stated that he wanted no money for his services. The deal was made: Korovin would supply Blake with the necessary photographic equipment in return for copies of all the documents he could get. Later, in his trial, Blake confessed, "I freely admit that there was not an official document on any matter to which I had access that was not passed on to my Soviet contact."

Attorney-General Sir Reginald Manning Baller summed up Blake's activities: "He agreed to make available to the Soviet intelligence service such information as came his way in the course of his activities in order to promote the cause of communism... and he had access to information of very great importance."

In the spring of 1955 Blake, his wife and his two children moved to West Berlin where he was posted to the British Military Mission. Again Blake posed as a minor government official while gathering and evaluating information supplied from East Germany. The intelligence unit which he controlled was mainly interested in information relating to Russian arms. During this time Blake was also gathering information on the other British intelligence units working in

Berlin and behind the Iron Curtain. His wife, Gillian, was unsure of her husband's specific work but suspected that it was related to the spy business because of his odd working hours.

At periodic intervals Blake would drive into East Berlin to shop, since the exchange rate for East and West German marks made it attractive for a low-paid civil servant to go there. His real interest in that sector was his contact, a Russian interpreter named Sova, who worked for the "Chambre of Technics." The information that he passed on to this man was impressive: names of agents working in the East, the structure of MI-6 in West Berlin, photographs of secret documents pertaining to England's policy on the Berlin question. Blake was supplied with a cigarette lighter containing a hidden camera and with this he photographed many of his colleagues. One source indicated that he was especially busy just before the 1959 Geneva conference on Germany making copies of documents revealing the West's policy on the matter. Some claim that he tapped off the famous Berlin telephone tap to the East Germans. This was a tunnel extending several hundred feet into East Berlin where the CIA could tap all of the military phones in the city.

During Blake's five year stay in Berlin, agents working in the East were disappearing. MI-6 officials were disturbed by this, but they were unable to find the leak in security. One incident took place in the apartment building which housed Blake's family and the families of other British civil and military employees. A former Soviet secret service official who had defected was being kept there until he could be flown to England. After Blake told his contact of the man's whereabouts, a special crew was sent to get that defector. One night the man was drugged and carried into the Eastern Zone. Later, when confronted with angry British officials, the Soviets explained that they were unable to return the man because he had died under "interrogation."

Blake left Berlin in September, 1960, and traveled to Shemlan, Lebanon, where he was to study the Arabic language at the Middle East College of Arabic Studies, which was run by the Foreign Office. This was to prepare him for intelligence work in an Arab nation. Blake continued to pass on all the information he had collected to Soviet agents in Beirut, 20 miles from Shemlan.

A month after Blake had left Berlin a minor spy named Horst Eitner was arrested as a double agent by the

West German police. Eitner had made part of his living by working with British agents. In the process, he would photograph his contacts, make tape recordings of his conversations, and then sell the material to the Russians. One of the men he worked with, Blake, he discovered was working for the Soviets. In order to get a lighter prison sentence, he offered this information to the British. Eitner's report was ignored by them.

In March, 1961, Col. Anthony Alster, head of the Polish secret service, fled to the West to avoid a possible purge of Jews holding high positions in the communist bloc nations. Alster had been in charge of agents working in "West Work," the term used to describe espionage activities in the West, and had personally met Blake several times. The British authorities were astonished by the information the defector had given the communists, and sent out messages calling back all agents who had been in contact with Blake. For many it was too late. Another claim that in East Berlin alone 42 agents disappeared or were arrested by the communists. The fate of these men, along with others in Iron Curtain nations, is unknown, but for many, Blake's betrayal meant death.

Blake's studies in Lebanon were ended when he received a telegram ordering him back to London. Upon his arrival he was arrested as a double agent and was formally charged for violating the Official Secrets Act. His trial on May 3, 1961, was held in secret and lasted only 69 minutes. The Attorney-General stated that although Blake did not have access to documents relating to secret or atomic weapons, "He had done most serious damage to the interests of this country... He had information of very great importance." For his betrayal Blake was given a sentence of 42 years, the longest one given for over a century. Gordon Lonsdale, another top Soviet spy who was sentenced the month before, received only 25 years in comparison.

Blake was held by the British security service for a half year before he was sent to prison. Over the service's protests, he was sent to Wormwood Scrubs Prison where Lonsdale was being held. Blake quickly adjusted to prison life, and to the guards he seemed to be a man who had accepted his fate.

A convicted spy normally would receive much abuse from fellow prisoners, but Blake was an exception. He

— *See to page 38*

ADAM TURNS ON HISTORY

The King of Argos put his virgin daughter Danae in a tower of brass, but Zeus got to her anyway with his golden ram



was respected by his fellow inmates, who knew him as a bright and witty person. Many of the "star" prisoners (first time offenders with long terms) of D Hall would spend their "free association" periods in his book-lined cell, where they could receive language instruction or discuss world affairs. Even after his escape, they remained loyal to him. The London Observer reported: "It is understood that the inmates of D Block, almost to a man, declined to reveal any information — if they had it — about Blake. To them, he was a popular figure."

The officials at Wormwood Scrubs were at first apprehensive about having a man with Blake's reputation in their prison. However, their attitude soon changed and he was given none of the privileges the other prisoners had. He was allowed to keep a short-wave receiver in his cell for language studies. Many of the guards were charmed by his warm personality. To the prison officials, Blake was a model prisoner.

Blake remained a model prisoner until his escape in 1968.

The most widely accepted theory on how Blake escaped states that the operation was planned by the Soviet KGB and carried out by "so-called" professional escape artists, perhaps the same ones who liberated several of the "Great Train" robbers from prison. Since Blake would not have any useful information for the communists, the motive behind the breakout was to demonstrate the power of the KGB and to reassure its agents working in the West that they would not be abandoned if caught.

There has been speculation that Blake might have received escape instructions through the shortwave receiver in his cell. It was capable of picking up the low band broadcast which would normally be used for such transmitters. In a room located one-half mile from Wormwood Scrubs, police found a crude broadcasting antenna made of bamboo and wire. Also, they found 14 wrappers from 100-pound notes. Prison officials claim that the long distance and the high wall around the place would shield radio waves from radio receivers. However, many prisoners claim that inmates have regularly monitored police radio messages.

A more practical way for Blake to get information was through the "so-called men" who were housed outside the prison. These prisoners were allowed to dress in civilian clothes and worked away from the prison. Since they had contact with the out-

side world, Blake could have used one of them as a messenger. Perhaps it was through one of these men that he received his final instructions or perhaps a saw with which he cut the iron bars.

While Blake went after he got over the wall is another question which has not been answered. One man who claims knowledge of Blake's escape route is Bernd Weigl, a statistician journalist living in London who had spent ten years in a Czechoslovakian prison as a spy. Using the pseudonym of Michael Hand, he wrote an article for the West German news magazine *Der Spiegel* based on these letters he received from three contacts in Czechoslovakia.

According to Weigl, the operation, which cost 14,000 pounds (\$35,000), was planned and financed by the Russian officials in England and carried out by "middle men." After Blake got over the wall at Wormwood Scrubs, he was picked up, given new clothes and dark glasses, driven to a local airport and put on a plane heading for Frankfurt. After landing in that German city, he was met by two Czech officials who gave him a paper guaranteeing him political asylum in the USSR (and presumably in any other communist nation). From Frankfurt he was driven to the German-Czech border, where he crossed at Schleswig, using an English passport and a visitor's visa. Once across the border, he was driven to Prague where he was housed at the "Internationale" and "Prague" hotels while conferring with East German and Russian officials. Then, on November 3, he was driven to an airport and transported by helicopter to East Berlin, where he is supposedly residing now. While Weigl claims that this story is the truth (he burned the three letters before Scotland Yard officials could see them), he purports to have no knowledge of Blake's escape from the prison itself.

Two incidents which took place in 1968 might substantiate communist backing of the escape. In 1963 an inmate escaped from an English prison and made his way to East Germany. After a year's stay there, he was handed back to British officials in West Berlin. During his interrogation he stated that the East Germans were interested in prison security and how to overcome it. He was forced to write several papers on this topic. Also during that year two ex-prisoners confessed to the police that they were accomplices in a plot to spring Blake from prison. One of them would land a helicopter, which would have the

word "POLICE" painted on it, near the prison. The other man, dressed in a prison uniform, would climb over the wall and bring Blake out. He would be flown to East Germany and then to the USSR. The Home Secretary of England, after hearing of this plot, described it as "fantastic, but not impossible."

Another theory is that Blake engineered his own escape, either to flee the country or to contact a public official in order to obtain a review of his case. However, he was not a rich man and did not receive pay for his espionage activities. He probably didn't have enough money to pay the warden.

Philip Deane believes that the escape, along with Blake's activities as a spy, has been one gigantic plot carried out by MI-6. Rather than being a double agent, argues Deane, Blake was really a triple agent, feeding his Russian contact with specially prepared information. When the Soviets began to doubt his reliability, MI-6 "arrested" him and then conducted a show trial in order to convince them of his loyalty to communism. Deane bases all this on the belief that the conditions and brutality Blake had met in Korea could not have convinced him that communism could produce "a more just society." Also, he states that Blake was never away from his fellow prisoners for any longer period of time, thereby excluding the possibility of brawling. Deane's theory would explain why he was kept by MI-6 instead of being automatically dropped upon his return from Korea.

Recently, a spokesman for Scotland Yard announced that they had intercepted a letter from Blake addressed to his mother, who still resides in England. The letter stated that he was fine and that he would soon be moving to some Eastern European country. The letter was mailed from Egypt.

In the 1960's the people of the Free World suddenly became aware of the cold world of espionage. There was the U-2 affair, which broke up a "Summit" meeting. There was the Wenckstrom case, where a ranking NATO general turned out to be working for the Russians. There was also Oleg Penkovsky, a top Russian official who passed information to the CIA. All of these cases ended with either imprisonment (Wenckstrom), exchange (Powers for Abel) or execution (Penkovsky).

Only one spy — George Blake — has been able to escape from the cold

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STARR LIGHT, STARR BRIGHT

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See her go nudie and tear around dropping inhibitions all over the place and, man, you'll be a Chris Starr gazer too!





Chris is party and pleasy, flirty and teasey, breezy, squeezy and oh so seize-y!

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And her sights are high: "to gain worldly experience," she says, "and to put it to good use."

So far she's gained the experience of playing in an avant garde film, and viewing the constellation of her celestial spheres — if our astrology is reliable — we may predict that Starr is rising.

If her heavenly body should appear on the horizon of your sextant, and you wish upon a Starr — you couldn't do better than Chris! ☺



A full-page photograph of a woman in a red dress and a man in a suit standing together, looking at the camera. The woman is in the foreground, and the man is behind her.

ADAM's Eve
Chris Starr

"I experience a certain amount of satisfaction," Telka said with a perplexed expression on her oddly unimated facial features.

Telka looked with quiet interest at the creature that stood in the barren chamber. The squat, coarse being was Elra, one of her mates, but with her intellect housed in an alien head, served with different sensory apparatus, Elra took on a new, strange appearance. Her tubular form glimmered, encased by the field that protected her from the oxygen atmosphere that now permeated the ship.

"Remember what you have been told. There is danger housed in that golem. You are basically and completely a Homosapien. Your mission must be completed swiftly lest your mind becomes warped permanently. You must avoid emotion."

"Emotion, yes," Telka said with fascination. "I experience it, but I could not relate what I am undergoing."

"It is enough to know that it is a useful, desirable phenomenon in the body you inhabit for us."

A chill ran through Telka's new body. It was unpleasant. She experienced fear. Herog did past Elra and set a pile of clothing on the deck in front of Telka. Telka could detect Herog's thoughts. They were familiar thoughts, but - seen from her new vantage-ice-cold thoughts of a vast and emotionless intellect.

Telka dressed carefully. A complete array of knowledge had been planted in her brain of the world below them and the society of simple and unusual creatures that inhabited that world. Telka knew and the knowledge of the human and the alien was like the phantoms of an insanity that had engulled her mind. Remaining on the deck was a weapon.

"If Tere will not return, destroy him."

Telka nodded.

"His mind has been warped, but we need him back if possible. The varied creatures of Earth are a measure of knowledge. It isn't every millennium that we find a world on the periphery of civilization. A technological overreaction for any evolving life form is a trauma many do not survive. Tere could ruin our observation by contaminating these cultures with knowledge they have not yet acquired."

Telka stiffened. Why did she fear the abstract reasoning that invaded her tender and limited brain? Emotion. A will to survive of a species still dependent on the automatic processes of the brain and not a neutral, all-encompassing intellect.

The view of the little craft was a

sexual unit. They would die soon and it was up to the eggs she - her other body - carried to take on the duties of the ship.

Death! Shaking tenser, blinding and straining.

Eggs. Hatching and eating through her flesh, destroying, emerging, metamorphosing, copies of herself and Tere and Elra and.

Telka! Cease that destructive chain of thought! Your intellect is impaired. Keep only in mind your mission, Telka! Your mission!

"My mission," Telka thought, forcibly controlling and submerging the primitive torso that assailed her. Destroy Tere. And if Tere is destroyed, Tere, the last chain of the sexual cycle, the eggs would hatch but would not metamorphose and would die and the small ship would be a coffin to an interrupted chain of life.

A trace of Telka's old self returned. "This body is effective. Extremely effective in controlling the intellect."

"Controlling the intellect?" Herog's confused thought echoed in her brain.

"I experience a reduced awareness in this body. The brain is limited. The intellect knows not its destiny. It is some inner programming that controls me. I cannot control it. I see why Tere has failed his mission. This body is a trap."

"It is thus recorded," Elra said. "Your golem was constructed carefully. It is human in all respects. We knew some of the dangers involved but in case of an accident, in case Tere was destroyed and an 'autopsy' was performed, we could have it no other way. We shall have to be content to observe the society objectively."

Telka nodded and blocked her thoughts. For the first time she felt a gran humor. "Death faces us all," she thought, "and they concern themselves with missions."

Horrible, obliterating death.

"Can your mission be carried out?" Elra said.

Telka nodded again. "Within a limited amount of time."

"Tere knows we are aware of his location. For some reason he is awaiting our arrival, knowing our intentions, but confident. He blocks much of his thinking from us. Much we cannot comprehend."

"I will be able to comprehend," Telka said, handling the weapon that was built for "different" appendages.

The base of the small craft increased in intensity, indicating the proximity of the planet called Earth. Without further word, Elra and Herog departed and Telka was left

alone, acutely aware of her clothing clutching and rearing against her body, assuring strange sensations from the depths of her human brain.

A hatch appeared in the curved side of the chamber. Again the visible torso gripped Telka. The darkness was a familiar thing to her body and something yearned for the night—and for what?

Telka walked down the ramp into the night. She smelled for the first time the odors of the forest, and felt the cold against her flesh and experienced with her "old" mind the sense of magnificence of standing on the open surface of a planet. Telka had never before walked the surface of a world.

Her new endoskeletal frame carried her exposed flesh into danger. She felt "naked" without her shell, insecure, knowing she could be damaged easily. Her body walked upright instead of running on secreted liquids, like some artificial conveyance. Her visual senses were placed at an enormous height from the ground, but the body worked well and Telka was aware of inherent advantages.

"It would all be a matter of getting used to," she thought.

Telka turned at the base of the ramp and looked at the ship. It glowed a fluorescent cyan-blue, a featureless mass of dim light. Telka turned back to the darkness, her mind opened for Tere's thoughts, alert for the dangers of this new world.

A squirrel shattered somewhere near. Harmless. A flying insect slapped against her flesh. It frightened her, but it too was harmless. A sound came from the distance overhead. An aircraft, a primitive, mechanical conveyance of the species she now was. Harmless.

A dole world. Not at all like the vicious cycle of life of her own kind. Telka walked into the forest.

Tere was not hiding from her. He appeared in a dim, white light in a clearing and Telka looked up for the source of light and observed a small moon high in a dark sky scattered with stars. Telka observed beauty. She looked back at Tere and probed his mind, but it was closed.

"You will return with me, Tere," Telka said to the figure in the clearing. It was odd to call the tall biped by the name of one of her crew mates and sexual partner, but it was indeed Tere and he stood nude before her and somehow different from her own human form. Telka noticed the differences, fighting emotions and sensations that plagued her composition.

"No," Tere said. "I like it here bet-

Telsa leveled the weapon and activated it. Tere moved aside and the lance of nuclear fire washed against the trunk of a tree. The tree glared and toppled, the roots exploding in a shower of steam and dirt.

Telsa was perplexed and only vaguely understood why Tere craved destruction. She pointed the weapon at Tere a second time and the line of fire swept the ground where Tere had been. A burning, acrid odor stung Telsa's nostrils and caused her to choke. Tears ran from her eyes.

Suddenly Tere was beside her, taking the weapon from her hand. Telsa looked into the alien face, but found it strangely attractive. It was so foreign from their natural forms that Telsa could calmly notice the smooth and uncomplicated beauty.

"You must return or be destroyed. If you do not return, you will contaminate the culture and cause our deaths. The eggs await your fertilization. They will not metamorphose without you."

"I know all that," Tere said in a deeper voice. "Do you know why I elect to stay?"

"No," Telsa said, suddenly curious, her mission forgotten for the moment. She felt strangely akin to Tere.

"In this form I experienced an overpowering resistance to the thought of death. I think it is an automatic will to survive. My body and I have become one and to return means the death of us both."

"I understand this. I feel, I fear death."

Tere shrugged. "Simple, isn't it?"

"The ship will die. Our mission . . ."

"I want to show you something," Tere said and Telsa allowed him to touch her, to undo the fastenings of her clothing. She stood before him and watched as he slipped her blouse from her arms and let her short slip over her wide hips to drop at her feet. She cooperated as he knelt and grasped the hem of her slip, pulled it up and free of her body. She felt the cool wind against her exposed flesh.

Tere unhooked the bra that cupped full breasts and slipped her panties down the long, smooth columns of her legs.

"You took my clothing from me," Telsa said.

"Lie on the ground."

Telsa did as she was told.

Tere lowered himself over her, pressing her against the cold, damp ground.

"Experience this," Tere said.

Tere caressed her sensitive, male flesh, Telsa's mind flooding with intermingled emotions and sensations that

drowned out all objective thought. Telsa stiffened, experiencing fear of the unknown. Tere was probing her with a part of himself and before Telsa could protest, something cool sank deeply within her.

Blazing, searing sensations tore at Telsa.

Agonizing waves of pleasure scoured her mind. Telsa struggled, suffocating and crying out in fear.

Tere, unheeding, pounded at her body, doing something Telsa didn't understand.

A wave of crimson ecstasy shook her body. Two throngs on her breasts hardened and something in her thighs tightened. Her stomach quivered and Telsa, amazed at the overwhelming pleasure, arched her hips to aid Tere.



A crescendo of blinding ecstasy took her soaring over a peak of new insanity and gently down, down, but not quite to where she had been. Telsa shuddered and grasped at the thing that was Tere and buried her face in the solid flesh of his chest.

"Do you know what that was?" Tere said, himself breathless.

"It was horrible."

"Want to do it again?" There was humor in Tere's mind.

Telsa gave it a moment's thought. "Yes. Do it again."

Tere laughed. "It was an urge this body of mine forced upon me. It was a sex act."

Telsa looked up into Tere's face unbelieving.

"These beings have no sense of duty. A section of their brain forces

them to perform essential acts such as reproduction upon threat of pain or open promise of pleasure."

Telsa understood. She was frightened of her new body. "I will reproduce?"

"Perhaps."

"Death?"

"No death." He touched her breasts. "These feed the young. Reproduction is largely pleasure. These beings reproduce again and again. They have a life span a hundred times that of ours and the young do not acquire the knowledge and memories of the parents."

Telsa struggled free and rose to her feet, her mind a fog of doubt and confusion. She grasped the weapon on the ground in her fingers and let it hang at her side.

"What about the others?" Telsa said. "Others?" Tere caught her thoughts. "Bisexual. Only two are responsible for the act of reproduction."

Telsa clasped Tere's hand in her own. Tere followed her as she made her way through the darkness and the foliage. The forest was peaceful, serene.

The ship still glowed in the small clearing and as the couple neared, the hatch opened and a line of reddish light fell upon them.

The ship was sleek. Heraq squatted inside, protected from the corrosive oxygyn atmosphere in her shimmering transparency.

Heraq was ugly, brutal. Telsa's children wanted inside to deviate her and the others who would die submissively.

Tere raised the weapon and a stream of fire shot toward the ship and engulfed the interior. Heraq died instantly. Crippled, the ship changed color to a bright orange and exploded silently upon itself. A shower of burning debris fell to the ground and an acrid fog drifted among the trees.

"Do it again," Telsa said.

Tere stood at where the ship had been. "They had no chance of survival. They could have joined us."

"They could not have constructed these goliaths before they died. And the children would not have metamorphosed to take their places without you. They would not have been willing to subject themselves to anything that would have endangered their mission anyhow. Do it again, Tere."

Tere led her back into the trees and together they explored the wonders of their primitive and mysterious bodies and when dawn approached, they watched a net so alien sun rise in a blue sky.



A lesbian theme and Sandy Dennis promise hot box office appeal at art houses—but shock conventional audiences



THE FOX

Though most people are familiar with D. H. Lawrence's *Lady Chatterley's Lover* because of the publicity over the court rulings that it was not pornography, only a few probably know his novella, *The Fox*. This story with its dramatic lesbian theme could easily have been filmed into a crude and low-grade "nudie." But this picture is definitely not a nudie.

The second release of Claridge Pictures, *The Fox* probes the controversial subject, lesbian love, and for the most part handles it with taste. Only occasionally does the film border on the "sexsational."

Academy Award winner Sandy Dennis plays the fragile, sensitive blonde lover of Ellen March (Anne Heywood), who is just the opposite—cool and self-sufficient. The film opens with a scene of an isolated chicken farm in the snow-bound Canadian countryside. Ellen March





Anne Heywood's nude scene depicting self-stimulation and masturbation may shock many theatregoers

catches a fox in the henhouse and has the opportunity to kill him. She sights him with her double-barreled shotgun but misses when she fires. It is established that March is the dominant female, but there also seems to be an inward uneasiness about her.

Another morning, March is strolling in the woods when she suddenly sees the fox. Both freeze. March has her shotgun but finds she cannot move, and the fox escapes.

That evening at dinner March tells Jill (Sandy Dennis) about the incident and as they discuss it they hear the squawk of frightened chickens. When they get to the henhouse, they find Jill's pet hen, Edwina, is the latest victim of their unwanted visitor.

The following evening, while the girls are entertaining themselves with guitar music and folk songs, they hear another disturbance. March grabs the shotgun, throws the door open, and discovers a handsome strang-









er standing in the snow. The new visitor is Paul Grenfel (Keir Dullea), a merchant seaman on leave making a surprise visit to his grandfather, the previous owner of the farm.

Paul had not known his grandfather was dead or that the farm had been sold. The girls invite him to stay the night.

Since he has no other place to spend his leave, Paul offers to stay on at the farm and help with some of the heavier chores. As time passes, a strong physical attraction develops between Paul and March. Paul eventually asks her to marry him—but March cannot leave Jill—and with his leave up, Paul has to return without March.

That night March permits Jill to console her and the two exchange kisses as Jill confesses her love for March.

Overhearing a violent argument between the girls, Paul leaves the house to guard the henhouse. The fox appears and Paul kills him, triumphantly holding the carcass for the girls to see.

The following day March starts to chop down the old oak tree. Paul drives up in a truck and offers to help finish cutting down the tree. He warns Jill to move away, but she stubbornly refuses, and when the tree falls it strikes Jill, killing her.

The film ends with March selling the farm and Paul reassuring her that she will be happy. She looks at him and asks, "Will I?" As they drive away, all that's left is the pelt of the fox, flapping on the barn door where Paul nailed it.



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DEAR ADAM



GLOBAL GIRLIES

How about giving us some particulars of international girls? Your spread on "Tasha" the Tartar girl was just a start just a "taste" like you say. And that was fine. And our regular "American" women are wonderful.

But—how about Mexican-American, Negro, Japanese (Nisei), Creole, Indian Sioux, Apache, etc.—not to mention Hawaiian, Caribbean, Chinese American, and all the rest of world beauties?

From one who is perturbed at the direction of the female.

Thur Whatman
Gainesville, Florida

DFolks, dig it, we will do our best!

BOUQUET FROM BUSH COUNTRY

I am writing to you for two reasons. One is to state how much I enjoy your "The Man's Home Companion" magazine. I have been reading your magazine for years, at least over four. The second reason is that I am one who works and lives in what is called the bush country of Canada. I can only buy your magazine when I make my usual trip to Seattle every four months, and have trouble finding back copies, so I miss some issues. Do you have any suggestion, since you don't seem to have subscriptions?

I have found that your magazine has not slipped in the quality of its stories (of which there should be at least four each month, nothing less) but in its pictures and articles and other features.

I hope my letter has given you some thought to liven up your coffee and cigar stories when you are taking over ideas for future issues. One thing more—how about a quarterly issue of new stories, not old ones?

P. G. Russell
North Vancouver,
B.C., Canada

DThanks for your good words and encouragement, which we will naturally "Aah over." You may get letters by writing to 2500 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles 90046, Calif.

ASSISTANCE, PLEASE

I am a disabled veteran who reports to the veterans' hospital three times a year for treatment. This means I go by the only roadwind in town that borders your three towns. I do not have any friends who travel this route to bring me the other copies that I read. Please start advertising so I may subscribe to some and receive it monthly in the mail. Thank you very much.

Jim Johnson
Minneapolis, Minn.

DWe are sorry that we are unable to offer subscriptions for news or like news. However, I am sure your mercantile dealers would be glad to hold copies for you.

KEY NOTE

Several of our regular employees suggested I write to you for an explanation concerning the enclosed comic cartoon (in issue, Vol. 10, No. 1). We honestly can't analyze it.

Would you please do us the favor and explain the humor to us? The artist is De Carlo.

© G. Gherardi
Centrelas, Illinois

DThe cartoon depicts an explorer getting a key from inside a ground entrance dug by means of the pointed end of the stick under the close newspaper mask of. If you will notice, the explorer's eyes have that kangaroo look. In this condition, how can you expect him to remember to take the key? None, as further analysis would prove right.

HALF STEP AT A TIME, SHARPI

Would it be possible to have Lou Watson who wrote the article about Leslie Sharp ("The Gamine Gambit") who was issue's Eve in Vol. 11, No. 18, get in touch with her and have her write to me? I'm quite serious as to this request as I'm pronouncing "Leslie Sharp" is her real or actual name. I would like to find out if we are related, as I'd be proud to have a lovely, gorgeous, beautiful relative as Leslie.

I am on the level as to contacting Leslie to find if we are related.

I'd be grateful for the follow up on the above by Lou Watson or anyone else who could get that sweet Eve to contact me.

Charles M. Sharp
Milwaukee, Oregon

DWe will forward the letter, but can't make any promises.

A COLLECTOR

Could you supply me with some information concerning what you publish? Examples—would you supply me with some pictures like that of your 1968 Calendar? I'd be glad to pay you for them. I collect them for my own personal use, and I love good photos, if taken right.

Please supply me with other photos of the following girls which appeared in issue Calendars:

(1) Tiffany Lund, (2) Anne Burrell, (3) Suzanne O'Brien, (4) Deby Bridges (without pants), (5) Tisha Stevens, (6) Mickey June and (7) carnivorous Diana-nique St. Joseph

David Hutchinson
Janesville, Arkansas

DWe do not have a photograph service, but among our subscribers you will find picture suppliers to whom you may make inquiry.

CRASH OF SYMBOLS

Whoever paints your new series, "Adam Turns On History," is sure turned on himself to the phallic symbol. In his Antony and Cleo painting in your last issue (Vol. 12, No. 1) I noticed sword, stiff endpiece (less leather), briefs, book, goatee, tassel on sword sheath, and probably more I missed.

He also got in the female sheath with open wings laid in the sensual place, swinging-out bell in the bird's mouth, bell in her hair, and of course the deep red enveloping cape.

This artist also sure paints a sexual picture. Who is he?

Dirk Strutsgard
New Orleans

DFord Marshall is the artist, who was sure turned on by your compliment.





The hang-up on the telephone saved him from getting hung up on the couch

A COMPANY MAN

by Jack Lynch

Gerald Benson turned up the defroster and glanced at the dashboard clock, noting Miss Felton had opened her raincoat and crossed her long legs. Gerald wished she hadn't done that. But then she couldn't know how rainy days affected him.

"Is this clock right?" he asked.

Miss Felton brushed back her coat sleeve. "Yes, it's almost two."

Gerald nodded, flexing his leather driving gloves as they climbed the 101 grade south of San Rafael. Probably they could make it back over the Golden Gate Bridge and down to

— turn the page



the plant in 45 minutes if they didn't get tied up in San Francisco traffic.

The girl clasped her hands behind her head and scrunched down in the seat with her eyes closed and a relaxed smile on her lips. Gerald felt a fleeting movement in the pit of his stomach. He'd driven Miss Felton from the stereo pad on several occasions, usually to help out Miss Janis. She'd always been most businesslike and efficient, enough so that despite her youth he'd about made up his mind to name her as his new secretary when Miss Janis left at the end of the month. But today, more specifically since they had started the drive back, Miss Felton seemed like a different person. Or was it just his own reaction to her in the rain?

"Run, run, go away," he murmured.

"What?" asked Miss Felton, opening her eyes.

"It seems to be raining harder."

Miss Felton stretched her arms. "Yes. There's something quite compelling about this sort of weather. Don't you think?"

Dear God, thought Gerald.

"Listen," he said impatiently, "would you mind terribly if we swing past the house? I took home some work last evening and forgot it."

"Not at all," replied Miss Felton. Gerald was conscious that she was staring at him. "I'm rather enjoying all this."

His eyes narrowed as he slowed for the turnoff to St. Francis Driske Boulevard. What did she mean by that? Was it just getting out of the office for a while, taking notes during a luncheon meeting of the County Activities Council he passed over? Or did she mean being alone in a company car with Gerald Benson on a rainy day?

No, that was stupid. Rather intriguing, but stupid. The girl couldn't be more than 23 or 24, while Gerald was nearly twice that, with the sort of face people tended to forget and a dollop of pink skin crowning his head. At a stoplight he smoothed one hand across his scalp, glancing quickly at the girl. One certainly didn't tend to forget Miss Felton's face. She had high cheekbones, gazing a long, perfectly formed nose with nostrils so delicately flared they might have been the work of a meticulous artist of bone and flesh. Her eyes were deep set and smoky, and while her sleek, black hair was clipped quite short, on either side it swooped low to brush her cheeks like miniature sailboats.

Gerald sighed and concentrated once again on his driving, up Wolfe Grade, then into the circular drive

leading to his hillside home.

"It will take a few minutes to gather my papers," he explained, turning off the ignition. "You can wait here if you'd like, or perhaps you'd be more comfortable inside."

She pressed her narrow lips and stared through the rain-streaked windshield toward the empty double garage.

"Frankly, Mr. Benson, I don't think I should have had that third martini before lunch." She flushed him a brief smile. "Perhaps if we could spare a few moments longer your wife could fix me a cup of coffee."

"Why you poor child, of course. Oh,

desk while Miss Felton crossed to the wide leather divan.

"How very masculine," she observed. He felt a quiet pride as the girl's dark eyes explored the room, from the hearth rug in front of the fireplace to the hunting prints on the walls. "Do you spend much time in here?"

"Quite a bit," he said. "But you know what they say about all work and no play. That's why I've installed most of the comforts—coffee maker, phone, portable bar, the divan—"

Gerald squatted before the fireplace. "How about a little something to take the chill off?"



check that. No she can't either. She's shopping in the city today. We're meeting there for dinner."

"I could do it myself," suggested Miss Felton, looking away.

"Yes," said Gerald slowly. "Yes, I guess you could do that."

Inside he hung their coats in the front closet, then led the girl to the rear of the house.

"I keep all the flings in my study," he explained, ushering the girl through the doorway.

The room was dim, despite the spacious window which framed the distant ridges of Mt. Tamalpais. Gerald snipped on the study lamp at his

"Oh, I'd like that," said Miss Felton.

Gerald banked shavings and kindling against the remains of a log, then struck a fireplace match and held it aloft.

"Fire when ready!" he cried.

"I beg your pardon?" asked Miss Felton.

Gerald cleared his throat as he touched off the blaze.

"Oh, nothing really," he explained awkwardly. "Just a silly pattern my beach slips into from time to time."

The girl laughed pleasantly. "You're cute," she murmured.

"My God, how long had it been since anybody had called him cute,"

Gerald wondered, crossing to draw shut the drapes. When he turned back to the room Miss Felton had settled on the divan and was staring at him. She certainly act a fellow on edge, staring at him that way.

"Well, the coffee maker's by the bar there, or—tell you what," said Gerald, studying the ship's wheel clock on the fireplace mantel, "it is after two, which won't leave much time for work this afternoon anyway. Um, would you rather have another martini?"

He'd said it rapidly to get it out before choking up. It was wrong to suggest such a thing he knew, but he personally had a sudden, urgent craving for another martini. Miss Felton didn't reply right away.

"I mean, don't think I'm trying to do anything improper," Gerald blurted.

"Don't be embarrassed," said the girl. "I wouldn't think it improper at all. In fact, I'd love another martini."

Gerald bounded toward the door. "I'll get ice."

He hurried out to the kitchen, torn between remorse and delight. Yes, that really was going a bit far, offering her another drink. But dammit, the girl had accepted. And what about that smile she flashed him on his way out of the room? Was it born of conspiracy or business camaraderie?

He opened the freezer compartment and stared at the three full trays of ice cubes. He could still set it right. Empty just one tray, fix them each a single martini, gather his papers and flee back to the office. He hesitated, his mind and conscience struggling. On the other hand, it might be an ideal opportunity to determine whether he and Miss Felton could function as a sensible business team on many days or in any other trying circumstances. Could shag and removed all three trays.

"The kennit, cosseth," announced Gerald, lugging the plastic bucket to the bar. "Decided to bring plenty, in case you wanted yours over the rocks."

Miss Felton, now in her stocking feet, had crossed to peruse the titles in his bookcase.

"Mind if a pitcher will be fine," she said absently.

Gerald bent diligently to the task. Presently, Miss Felton wandered over to watch.

"Mmmmm, Italian vermouth even. You keep a well stocked bar, Mr. Benson."

"Scissipper Fc," Gerald grunted.

"What?"

"Oh God, no," he corrected himself. —turn to page 64

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The pip on the radar screen was climbing in like the real thing . . .

A MATTER OF A SOLDIER'S ETIQUETTE

by Gary Paulsen

The equipment room was silent except for the hum of rack upon rack of electronic range finding gear. Nine men—the fire controller, a lieutenant named Shell Hemesvedt, and eight technicians—stood or sat frozen, as though suddenly taken with paralysis. Here and there on a forehead could be seen a trickle of perspiration that left a glistening trail as it slid unnoticed down a cheek. ■ One man alone was moving. He was a private, and the plotter. Before him stood a large clear-plastic chart, crossed and recrossed with coordinates of the area surrounding the missile battery—a circle two hundred miles in diameter around Rapid City, South Dakota. The plotter was on a different

—turn the page

communications network from the other nine men—his own private hook-up with the early-warning radar systems located in adjacent quadrants—and as he received target information he would catch up with a grease pencil and make illegible scrawls on the plastic map. It was a point of quiet pride with the plotter that nobody but he could read the scrawls, and after noting them, he would turn and say aloud what he'd written. His last verbal glorification was what he "zoomed" the room, and he said it now again because he liked the effect it had—the smothering effect.

"Forty angles," the plotter intoned, carefully holding his voice in the whisper, flat key "No course alter, bearing three-five-zero-zero miles."

"All right, all right, goddammit!" Lt. Hemesvedt jerked to life and looked to the plot board. "Affirm, affirm! I copy forty angles..." He turned to the man sitting next to him, the radio operator "Johnson."

Johnson answered without looking up. "Nothing on the scope yet, sir—but he's probably still out of our ac-

circle anyway. You don't think he's private, do you?"

"At forty thousand feet? You're kidding," Lt. Hemesvedt snorted. "I can just see one of these picante ranchers honing his little twin-Bonanza to forty angles..." He tapered off and turned suddenly to the communications technician. "Stephens—out in the SAC show at Ellsworth and have them run a quick check on any incoming commercial airfares. It's coming out of the north, across Canada, dead at our site. Tell them if they haven't got 'em in the docket, they'd better scramble some fighters. We sure as hell don't know who he is."

"I've got him," Johnson cut in. "Range two hundred thousand yards, bearing thirty-nine-five hundred, altitude thirty-nine-five angles, sweep—" He broke off and counted sweeps on the scope, measuring the time between sweeps against the movement of the pip on the bright orange line of the sweep, "—seven-fifty knots."

Lt. Hemesvedt watched the scope over his shoulder. "He's making commercial airline speed, isn't he?"

"Yeah," Johnson answered. "Or bomber..."

"All right now, take it easy," Shell sighed. "Break off him and look around for any others. Let's see what we've got out there before we come off the walk with predictions."

While Johnson scanned, Shell let his mind wander briefly over the possibilities. OK, he thought, we've got an unidentified target—we've got a barge. So what? It's happened before—and often. What's the big sweat? It's probably just a con-surprise jet blown off course...

"Sir," the communications tech called from the other end of the room. "SAC says no airfares are scheduled for that spot at the present time. They also say no airfares have reported a plane off course."

"So are they going to scramble or sit on their duff?"

"Negative—no scramble. The unit is in the process of transferring and there was a mix-up in schedules or something. All scramble jets left two hours ago for the new base—and no new ones have arrived. Stand by, they're hacking at me again..." He held up his hand.

"Johnson,"—Shell took advantage of the break. "Trigger him with a little IFF. If they're so screwed up down there that they don't have any scramble-birds that bashed coming in could be one of our guys..."

"Sir," the communications tech interrupted. "Sir, there's a colonel on the line. A Colonel Bradshaw. He's the SAC commander for the new unit that's coming in..."

"All right, we don't have time for highfives," Shell snapped. "What does he say?"

"Range, one-hundred-and-fifty K-yards," Johnson cut in. "Closing with no course-alter. Negative return on IFF."

"He says," the communication tech's voice cracked, "you are cleared to fire if necessary. Use your own discretion."

"He *said*?" In his strident Shell was at the side of the communications tech and had torn away the headset.

"Sir," he said. "Begging the Colonel's pardon, but would he please repeat that order for the benefit of the fire director's ears?"

The usual twang that come from the headset rang with authority. "I stated that as commander of this base I am authorizing you to fire if you deem it necessary to protect this base from enemy attack. I realize that this may place undue responsibilities..."

"Thank you, sir," Shell tried with little success to keep the sarcasm out of his words and handed the headset



"Look, Mac, I'm busy with your wife now. When I want your opinion, I'll ask for it."

hark to the communications tech. Jesus, he thought—Jesus, Jesus, Jesus—right out of the book. “I stated that as commander—” Jesus! And if it turned out to be an aircrash, a hundred people wouldn’t even see it coming and the ten men in this room would probably go insane dreaming about women and kids being tossed to cinders and he would hang...

“One hundred thousand yards.” Johnson yelled. “Target closing. Altimeter forty-one miles.”

Climbing! That was the maneuver of a nuclear-armed bomber on target approach. “Climbing-in,” they called it, and it was performed to put the plane at maximum altitude over target to escape the heat of the nuclear fireball. That settled it, Shell knew. He had only yes-answers for a kill order.

“Arm!” he yelled down the room. “Arm all circuits. Move to situation Red—repeat, Red. Twelve seconds to bring on my mark—mark!”

Rehearsal—well trained and polished—grabbed the group of men and made them perform smoothly, almost gracefully, as they went about the deadly business of firing an antiaircraft missile. Down on the pad, one second after the controller’s time-snack, the sleek, white nose of an armed missile arched itself into the sky and automatically set its gyro for a correct base line to the unsuspecting aircraft.

“Five seconds!” Shell shouted, and his finger, almost by itself, extended and flicked up the red hood over the fire-burst. A quiet sort of single-minded purpose took him then—at five seconds—and he felt a dull horror when he realized that all he really had to worry about was the action involved in a half a second. He had done everything down to the actual act of firing so many times he could do it in his sleep—and often had.

“Three seconds!” his eyes watched approvingly as Johnson turned up the intensity of the scope to show the burst brighter when it occurred.

“Two—one—fire!”

“Missile snap!”

And the second was over—carried through by reflex. The bird was on its way—or the homing had started to fall on a pistol, the two were much the same. The missile would go up, drop its booster, and “walk its own brain to the target.” Lt. Hemesvedt carefully watched the burst count-down clock that told seconds to impact. There would be a slight “drag” in time about ten seconds before burst, while the missile made a last-second correction.

“Pre-burst!” Johnson suddenly split the tense quiet—his eyes creviced to the

songs. “She blew too soon! Chest! Look at her smear!”

Halfway to the light lip of the plane, a splash of yellow-orange gushed down the sweep-line and flared out as the missile detonated early and the radar beam picked up the debris and fireball of the explosion.

Lt. Hemesvedt knew there wasn’t time to get another bird on the pad and up before the plane made its final run. But instead of feeling depressed, a strange elation took his mind. If it was a bomber, he’d tried to stop it—he’d performed his mission—and in fact he almost deserved to be consumed in the fireball that would most certainly follow. It was the simple statement of the etiquette of a soldier in combat—survive and die.

If on the other hand, he thought, leaning back and closing his eyes—quietly ready for whatever would shortly happen—it was a civilian situation, no damage would be done. A hundred innocent people would remain alive.

“Lost target!” Johnson exclaimed.

“It went over us. Stand by—” He spun a handwheel, then smiled. “Runme track on the down leg. No bomb drop on scope.”

So, it had to be a commercial airplane. Ah, thought Lt. Hemesvedt, sweet hellish fate—these people would never know how close they came to being killed. He handed a cigarette to Johnson, took one himself, and lit them both with shaking hands.

“Sir,” the communications tech yelled, “The colonel’s on the hook again.”

Tell him we nuzzled—recon unknown at this time. Or better yet, we nuzzled due to technical problems beyond the control of even our finest technicians—that ought to hold him.”

“He says you missed, sir. He says it was all a test—to see if our site is ready if the balloon goes up, or something like that.”

“A test? You mean the plane was a dummy?”

“Yes sir—that’s what the colonel says. And sir?”

“Yeah—”

“He says you fukked.”



“Sixteen—sixteen! I say if they’re big enough, they’re old enough.”

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a reputation as a lover. The historian Durant said of Messalina, "Her head was fat, her face florid, her chest malformed, but a woman need not be beautiful to commit adultery."

Simple adultery by a person of high position in the Eighteenth Century was not enough to earn a reputation as that owned by Marie Antoinette. Had times been better, she may have been a glamour figure of the caliber of the mistress of Louis XV, Madame du Barry. Had Marie enjoyed a better home life with her husband, the King, she would not have, perhaps, gathered around her such people as Yehudi de Polastron, Comtesse de Polignac, who was reputed to have gather wild sexual appetites, nor would she have tempted into caprice by the playful Princesse De Lamballe. She did, however, seek amusement in happy times before the revolution so that the popular writers, "the frogs along the Seine", had some facts on which to sting their fangs.

As a result, we must weed fiction from fact before deciding whether or not Marie Antoinette cut as wide a swath in the fields of the boudoir as did the famous courtesans of history who preceded her.

Did Marie Antoinette go to the guillotine a wronged woman with pictures of horses in her mind? They passed under her window with the head of her friend, Lamballe, on a spit. Or did she die a woman who had tested all of life's forbidden pleasures? Was she truly pictured in another song of her time?

Without fear of the King
Let's make love through the night

To play out your role
Take my tool in your hand
In your seductive charms
I enjoy

The most exquisit bliss
As I bed the Queen of France.

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suffing perfectly normal drives during the best part of his life.

The girl was past beyond her years. Gerald decided. He was yes, by God, a man. Under most fortuitous circumstances, perhaps the sort of fellow Hemingway could have written about. He turned, his resolve growing more firm.

The girl continued her sensual twisting with her eyes closed as he strode back across the room. She sensed his presence, and stretched out her legs, making room for him beside her. He put one knee on the edge of the divan. His hands lightly caressed her swaying shoulders. She kept her eyes closed, but a warm, waiting male bloomed on her young lips as she raised her face toward him. Gerald closed his eyes and began the slow, sweet glide of his mouth toward hers.

The telephone rang and Gerald froze.

Jody Felton opened her eyes and stared at him calmly. "Are you going to answer it?"

Gerald sagged and straightened. "For whom the bell tolls," he muttered.

"Hello."

"Hello?" said a woman's voice. "Could I have the stocking department, please?"

"I beg your pardon?" asked Gerald, switching off the tape.

"I have a question about stockings. Could I have that department, please?"

"I haven't any idea what you're talking about," exclaimed Gerald, giving Miss Felton a shrug.

"This is Penney's, isn't it?"

"No, this is the Felton residence — I mean Benson residence."

"Oh, I'm so sorry. I must have dialed wrong."

"That's quite all right," said Gerald.

He dropped the receiver sharply into its cradle. "Wrong number."

Jody nodded, and turned to fluff the pillows beside her.

"Would you like another drink?" Gerald asked.

"Still have one, thanks. But how about the music?"

Gerald flicked the switch. It was still *Tijuana Brass*.

"Perhaps you'd prefer something more soothing," he suggested.

"Huhuhuh! Love doesn't have to be all smoldering violins and syrupy passion," Gerald. "It can be just plain fun. Like the music."

Gerald cleared his throat. He'd never thought of it quite like that. It'd always been deadly serious with him, like his wife, or his job.

"Sure you're not ready for a drink?" "Gerald," she said a bit impatiently, "come over here."

He crossed the room with a self-conscious grin. He'd never had any idea this sort of thing could be so exciting. Or easy.

"Take off your clothes, why don't you?" she suggested. "Get naked."

He did as she said, throwing it to a nearby chair, then stood over her with what he hoped was a gleam in his eye.

"Now, where was it?"

"Right about here," said Jody, holding out her arms like a stage manager

this time, I hunted around until I found my glasses, wrote down the number, dialed carefully."

Her voice trailed off as Gerald glanced at the ceiling. She sounded like an older woman.

"I am," he replied. Jody Felton had rolled onto her stomach and was staring at him with her chin propped on her hands. She reached out for her martinis.

"Well," said the woman, "I guess I'll just have to try again."

"Yes, why don't you do that. And I'll do the same."

"Yes, well good-bye, Mr. Benson,



blocking a position for Gerald to smuggle into. He had one knee on the floor when the phone rang.

"Oh God, now what?" He pushed off as Jody's arms dropped to her sides.

"Hello," snapped Gerald.

"Is this Penney's?" asked the same woman's voice.

Gerald settled on the edge of the desk. "No, it certainly is not."

"Oh my, is this the party I had before? The Felton residence?"

"Benson."

"Yes, Benson. Well I'm terribly sorry, Mr. Benson. I was so careful

and thank you."

"Good-bye."

Gerald replaced the receiver, but he didn't move from the edge of the desk. He waited with folded arms.

"Can't we just ignore it?" asked the girl.

"God, I could never do that. Around phones I'm like Pavlov's dog."

"Isn't there some way to disconnect it?"

Gerald shook his head. "I could leave the receiver off the hook, but the phone people would only put on one of those damn wailing signals."

He was interrupted by the ringing

phones

"Hello."

"Oh, Mr. Benson, don't tell me I've gone and done it again."

Gerald switched off the music. "You certainly have, Mrs. —."

"Cartwright."

"Mrs. Cartwright. Really now, I can't understand this. Sueley Penney's not listed under my number. Paines two-seven —."

"Oh no, I haven't been dialing that. It's Stockton —."

"Stockton?" asked Gerald. "Isn't that a San Francisco exchange?"

"Yes, I'm calling Penney's in San Francisco. You see, I wanted a pair of work socks to send my boy for his birthday. He's in Alaska, you know."

"No, I didn't know that."

"Yes it's been nearly a year now."

"My word. But about the stockings . . ."

"Yes, well I don't know what has happened to my longer. I have such trouble remembering . . ."

"Uh-huh."

Jody Felton, still lying on her stomach and sipping from her drink, was slowly raising and lowering one leg.

"So I wanted to find a pair of stretch type work socks," continued Mrs. Cartwright, "You know, so they will fit my size feet."

"Yes."

"But Penney's down here in Corte Madera doesn't have any. They suggested I try phoning their store in the city."

"Perhaps that explains the difficulty," said Gerald, motioning for Miss Felton to bring over her drink. He sipped from the glass and handed it back. Jody turned the glass deliberately to tip up from the side he had before returning to the divan. Gerald loosened his collar another button.

"Did you dial the number 'one' in front of the San Francisco number?" he asked.

"Did 'one'? Whatever for?"

"It's something to do with this computer number jumbo," he explained. "If you dial an exchange outside of your immediate calling area, you dial 'one' first. Why don't you try that, Mrs. Cartwright?"

"Oh I will, and thank you so much, Mr. Benson. I just have a terrible time with these things since Mr. Cartwright passed on. You've been very kind."

"That's quite all right. And Mrs. Cartwright?"

"Yes?"

"If that doesn't work, just dial the operator and ask her to place the call for you. All right?"

— Turn to page 68

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Company, from page 67

"Yes, that's a thought. Thank you again."

"Good-bye, Mrs. Cartwright."

He lowered the receiver gently. "Truth is stranger than fiction," he sighed. He crossed the room to pick up the empty glass. "Ready for another martini?"

"Why not?" said Jody. "It's something to do between phone calls."

"I'm sorry about all this," said Gerald kindly.

"That's encouraging," replied the girl, stubbing out her cigarette. "Where's the powder room?"

"Down the hall. Second door on the left."

She held out one hand for him to help her up. "Don't go away," she murmured, kissing him lightly on the cheek. She picked up her handbag and padded out of the room.

Instead of returning to the bar Gerald settled on the divan. The clock already said 3:30. He leaned back his head, closed his eyes and listened to the rain pounding against the glass behind the drapes. With utter certainty he knew there never would be another opportunity like this. More than ever he was convinced that the girl was right. It could be fun and carefree and abandoned. It didn't have to be all snatched in fear and myth. And she was the perfect one to demonstrate this. A fresh breeze of joyous youth, eager to brush off the cobwebs of inhibition, making him a live man rather than a company lump.

He gripped her temples between both hands.

He didn't hear Jody return, but I felt the cushioning as she knelt beside him.

"Here, let me do that, Gerald," she said softly.

Gerald went limp, letting the girl's cool hands caress the sides of his head. God, but she certainly had it all over Miss Jane.

"No more phone calls?" she whispered beside his ear.

"No more phone calls," said Gerald, his hands reaching out to grope the girl's body.

Jody's hands stopped their movement, but continued holding his head. He opened his eyes just as the girl covered his mouth with her own, her tongue darting and teasing. They tensed back side by side on the divan. Gerald's hand found a gap where the girl's blouse had become unbuttoned. His hand probed, and he was pleasantly startled to find the girl had removed her bra while in the bathroom. Her breasts were delicious to hold. Not overly large, but ideal

for her slender figure, the flesh warm and compact in his hand. As the girl wriggled half atop her skirt rode high on her lean legs, revealing that she had removed much more than her bra. His hand enfolded the squirming mound of one buttock, and she moaned pleasureably at his growing strength. Gerald raised his head. Jody's eyes opened, flashing excitement, her rapid breathing matched his own.

"Now or never," gasped Gerald, covering her neck with kisses.

The telephone rang and Gerald's body convulsed.

The girl sighed and rolled away. "Apparently never," she intoned.

"So help me God . . ." said Gerald, pushing himself off the divan.

"Mrs. Cartwright?" he exploded into the receiver.

"Oh, Mr. Benson . . ." There was a sharp sob over the line, Gerald stamping into the chair behind his desk.

"All right, all right, Mrs. Cartwright. It can't be all that bad. What's the problem?"

"Well," she sniffed. "I dialed 'one' as you suggested. At least I think I did. And an operator came onto the line. She said she was a special intercept operator for people who dialed 'one' when they weren't supposed to or didn't dial 'one' when they should."

"How's that?"

"Anyway, she said to do it opposite of how I had just done it, so I hung up and tried calling again without the 'one'."

"That's when you got me this time?"

"No, I got the same operator again. She said maybe I'd been mistaken about dialing 'one' the first time and to try it again. Do you follow?"

"I guess so."

Mrs. Feltin had lit another cigarette and was back nursing at the martini bowl.

"I told the operator of the difficulty I'd been having and asked if she would place the call for me."

"And?"

"She said it wasn't her job."

Jody Feltin turned off the drink and crossed to stand directly in front of him with her hands on her hips. He closed his hand over the receiver.

"This is it, Gerald," she said slowly. "It's either me or that goddam telephone."

"Mr. Benson, are you there?"

"Yes, Mrs. Cartwright, go on," said Gerald with a helpless gesture.

"Well," explained Mrs. Cartwright, "I hung up finally and dialed again for the other operator, like you suggested."

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Mrs. Felton shook her head slowly
and crossed to her handbag, removing
her blouse on the way. She pulled her
bra from her handbag, slipped into it,
then replaced her blouse, crossing to
stand in front of Gerald as she slowly
bunited it.

"Mr. Benson?"

"What did the operator say, Mrs.
Cartwright?"

"She asked if I had the number in
San Francisco. Well, I had lost it in
the confusion, so she connected me
with San Francisco information."

"And they gave it to you?"

"Yes, but it was all numbers and I
didn't have a pencil handy. By the
time I had hung up and dialed the
operator again, I had forgotten them."

Gerald took a deep breath. Mrs.
Felton had adjusted her blouse, and
now casually raised her skirt to step
into her panties. My God, but she had
lovely legs. Looking up she saw Gerald
watching her. Staring his straight
in the eye she unzipped the elastic
band against her bare stomach before
whirling and leaving the room.

"Mrs. Cartwright, what is your
number?"

She told him.

"Now just wait next to your phone.
Don't move."

"What are you going to do, Mr.
Benson?"

"Not what Ed likes to, I can assure
you."

He broke the connection and quickly
placed his calls, first to San Francisco
information, then to the Penney's store.
He directed the switchboard operator
to give him the stocking department,
then explained his problem,
evoking a pledge from the sales clerk
that she would phone Mrs. Cartwright
immediately.

Gerald dropped the receiver just as
Mrs. Felton reappeared in the study
doorway wearing her panties.

"My boyfriend's picking me up at
five," she said flatly.

"You just don't understand how it is
with a negging phase . . ."

"My boyfriend had his taken out."

Gerald's shoulders sagged. He rose
wearily and lumbered across to get his
tie, then followed her down the hall-
way, tugging on his suitcoat. She waited
at the door as he pulled on his
panties and smoothed down the hair
across the top of his scalp. As he
opened the front door for her, the
telephone back in the study began
ringing. This time Gerald ignored it,
leaving Mrs. Felton with an unashamed
smile.

"Time flies," he said briefly.

"What hath God wrought?" replied
Mrs. Felton, sweeping past him.

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She smolders with the banked
fires kindled by her native exotic
Eurasian home...

SULTRY SOPHIA

FROM FABLED Constantinople Sophia Bergman came to our shores just as her teens began. It was seven years ago that she left the ancient Turkish cosmopolis situated where the Straits of Bosphorus take off from the Sea of Marmara to join it to the Black Sea, cutting between Europe and Asia Minor.

Which combines in Sophia the gaiety of Western culture with the fiery undercurrents of harem beauties of gone-by times. And accounts for her love of deep soft furs and her predilection for draping her sinuous skin with filmy gauzes and delicate swirling veils, and for the sparks flashing in her almond eyes . . .





From the Western World to which Sophia came as a young girl she got her liberated urge to shed all veils and emerge in her natural feminine beauty—and she cooks too!

Now Sophia digs the discotheque, the new rock, and the free and easy way of Western girls with their men.

And us Western guys find that her Turkish figures of 36½-23-35 easy to understand even without Berlitz.

And we can understand her popularity as an artists' model, being Sophia 'n easy on the draw . . .

Hoochah, anyone? ☺





Confessions
of a
Dottle-
Knocker
or
Making
Cake
in the
wood

A few puffs on the manly art of pipesmanship

Along with some sixteen million other males in the United States today, this somewhat browned-out fun-lover is striving toward advanced "tobaccism" on a briar pipe, said tobacco habit in this form having developed into an incurable mania for which no remedy is known. Most of us, naturally, need a good habit, if not a tobacco monkey on our back, as it lends a certain zestful challenge to an otherwise colorless existence. Besides, there is hardly another minor vice that will give more comfort or pungent companionship as the price of enslavement. Nine million of us are hooked and smoke nothing but the pipe. Another seven million supplement the habit with cigars - "thy naked beauties," the poet, Lord Byron, called them. Few fall back on cigarettes, which taste like burning paper after the more robust experience with pipe fumes, and there we have the answer to how to kick cigarettes, if indeed, that is an answer. The fact is, though, that we can quit cigarettes and go to the pipe, but we can't go back again, and the only way out of the whole affair is into hemp or opium, which is also smoked in a pipe.

"For thy sake, tobacco, I would do anything but die," said Charles Lamb, and we can do that too, of course. Nicotine is one of the most violent poisons known, a volatile fluid alkaloid. It is in the same class of motor depressants as curare, the arrow poison of the South American Indians, and conium, the poison hemlock, quaffed by Socrates. These drugs increase the flow of saliva (about which more later), cause excessive perspiration,

- turn the page



ADAM'S TALES

ALSO IN THE MEADOWS

There was the flower girl who grew wild in the woods. *

HOT BOUCHE CIRCUIT

The girls go to the mountain resorts to look for husbands — and the husbands go to look for girls. *

HONEYMOON HAZARD

They went to Niagara Falls, and she found it wasn't as big as she expected, either. *



TOP FLIGHT CALL GIRL

She was cocky and high priced, so she was called the prissy bird with the golden tail. *



POWDER ROOM PUFF

The two girls had left their dates at the table in the nightclubs to refresh their makeup in the ladies' lounge. One was good looking, the other a little plain, and a little jealous of the other's popularity. To needle her, she asked, "Do you really know why you're so popular?"

The sharp-looking girl, admiring herself in the mirror, said smugly, "My complexion?"

"No."

"How about my shape?"

"No."

"Personality?"

"No."

Veered, she said, "I give up."

"Right." *

LOW MILEAGE

"Now here," said the enterprising used furniture salesman, "is a bed just like new that was owned by a little old lady in Pasadena." *

GOOD GUESS

"If I do say yes," she whispered huskily, "will you still love me after we're married?"

He hesitated, then said consolingly, "I believe so, because I've always been fond of married women." *



WISDOM OF THE FAR EAST

A young French woman journalist, eager to partake of every possible experience, one evening ran into a handsome devil of an oriental type in a bar.

Learning of her search for the unusual, he murmured, "If you will come with me, mademoiselle," and sighed languorously, "I will love you a la Pakistane."

"Delighted," she said, "And what might a la Pakistane be?"

"Oh," he avowed, "it is absolutely marvelous!"

Overcome with curiosity, the young lady went along to his apartment, which turned out to be furnished almost entirely of silly cushions strewn about in haphazard confusion.

"Just relax," he said laconically, and he retired to another chamber. She stretched out expectantly across several couches, oblivious of space and incense, and eagerly awaited his return.

He came in shortly in a gold brocade tunic and a white silk turban and sank languorously down beside the young woman, bent close to her and whispered, "I will never guess your name with my tongue."

She sat up, dismayed. "What," she cried, "is that all?"

He smiled unperturbed, and added, "From the inside, of course." *



"Doctor, I've been waking up lately with a sort of depressed feeling."

ADAM LOOKS AT SPORTS



QUICK HITTER



WOBBLY KICKOFF



FIELD GOAL ATTEMPT



UPSET IN THE MAKING



OFFENSIVE LINEMAN



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STRANGE



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Knocker, from page 81

few with plastic nipples. Actually they are running out of something more important than that—the base root itself. The demand is outrunning the supply. The really good root is going into \$50 pipes and the least even-grained, wavy hair roots are left for the \$2.50 to \$5 trade, with chips patched over, cuts filled in, cracks disguised and a grain that is painted on. We have to watch what we are buying, and the guy who invents a decent substitute is going to make a million. Some pipes taste like they were turned from a chair leg, and a good smoker, like a good woman, is hard to find. We may yet have to fall back on the ancient custom of smoking pipes made of iron, of clay, of porcelain, of demaroff, of meerschaum (a hydrous silicate of magnesia) and of calabash (a kind of gourd). Or a natural bone or hollowed-out hockey stick. Some of us are buying cherrywood pipes, thinking they are best. The ones that are frank and openly made of that inferior substance are usually sold with the bark still on. They are no relation to the rosewood pipe, cut from the delicately scented Brazilian rosewood tree, a purple-hued wood giving a delicate, if bitter, taste to the smoke. The wood is so scarce they are no longer made. There is always, of course, the cornucopia, but there is something ridiculously old-fashioned about it, and a rustic symbolism, so we leave those to the night watchmen and the wardrobe mistress at the Roseland.

Searchers after the rare and exotic have even tried the hookah, a water pipe from the Near East, and the narghileh with its arrangement to suck a charcoal-fired dose of murderous strong Turkish tobacco through perfumed water by way of a long hose. And there is the bubble-bubble, if we can't find a bong consisting of a cup mounted on a coconut in which there is a hole serving as a mouthpiece. There is water in the coconut. These experiments all end in disaster: water does something terrible to tobacco smoke and the hose adds an aftertaste even more revolting. The total effect is something like drawing wind from the lungs of a corpse.

We will have to stick to brser until something better comes along and try to treat the pipe as a noble friend, even though we are its servant.

Most of us want a good-looking, sweet-smoking friend, but premises we want to protect our erections zones. After all, we are spending \$60 million annually on pipes, and the trade takes in over \$450 million a year on these and all the accessories, so we need something more than relief from asthma.

WOMEN



COMING UP IN THE NEXT ADAM

THE PLAYBOY GIRLS OF TAIWAN

What do G.I.'s do when they take their leave from fighting in Vietnam? ADAM gets an exclusive close-up of the leading R&R (rest and recreation) center in Taiwan. As author Robert J. Kraft says: "...the four horsemen that dominate this particular playground are squalor, filth, dysentery and venereal disease." Read about the bars, nightclubs and the ladies of the evening who take our soldiers' minds from the war.

WHAT MEN DON'T KNOW ABOUT WOMEN

Do women have an orgasm? Eugene Bradley explodes the myths created by America's double standard, relates the facts of a woman's coital experience, and examines her sexual responses, revealing the differences and similarities of the sexes.

DO YOU THINK, MAN?

How has the flower-powered guitar affected you? The revolution of the tuned-in and turned-on is thoroughly explored by author Theodore Street. A penetrating study of the social, sexual and artistic influence of the love generation.



Lee de Jonge and other uncover girls provide fine cover for next month's pages.

A color photograph of a woman with short, dark, wavy hair. She is smiling and looking towards the camera. She is wearing a green and red patterned robe with a matching headscarf. She is sitting on a couch with a similar patterned fabric. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

IN THIS ISSUE OF ADAM: George Blake, a spy who escaped from the cold (p. 22), a soldier's first kill is the hardest (p. 26), a telephone hangs up a company man (p. 54), a queen loses her head over sex (p. 10), girls tease your naked eye (p. 4, 18, 38, and 70), and THE FOX is a symbol of manhood (p. 46).